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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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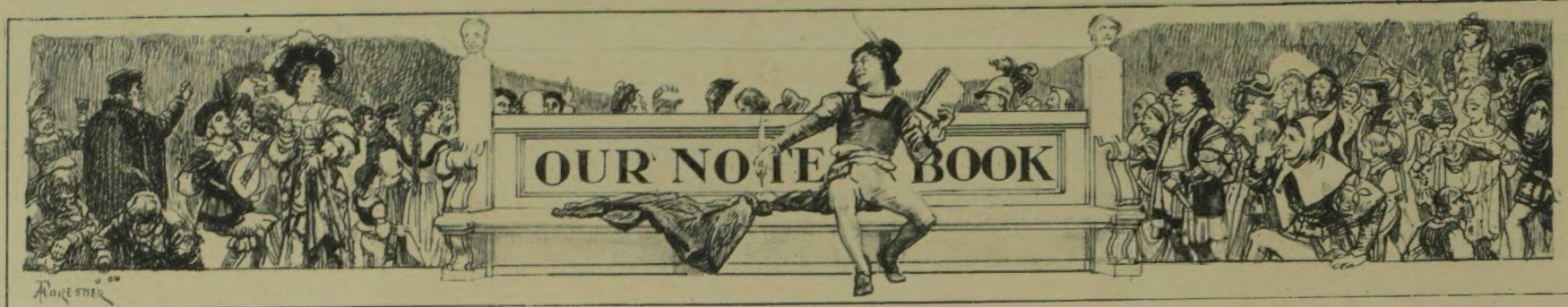
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THE FAMOUS FLAG-SHIP OF COLUMBUS, DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD: THE "SANTA MARIA"—
A FINE MODEL PRESENTED TO ENGLAND BY SPAIN.

This very interesting model of the "Santa Maria" has been presented by the Spanish Government, and is now on exhibition in Room 12 on the upper floor of the Science Museum. It was constructed under the expert eye of the Director of the Naval Museum at Madrid, and is a copy of a model in that institution. The famous vessel was of about one hundred tons burden and an excellent

representative of fifteenth-century shipbuilding. Near the door of his cabin in her, Columbus carried a standard emblematical of the royal powers that had been conferred upon him, and he bore this ashore when he took possession of the land he had found. For better effect, we have "set" the model as though she were afloat.—[By COURTESY OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the Minister of Health was somewhat sensationally unseated, I do not know how far it was attributed to party politics. But it might well be that the defeat of the Minister of Health was the defeat of the Ministry of Health rather than of the Minister. For that department, both in detail and design, is really a very perilous experiment. To begin with, there is a false philosophy in its very title. There ought not to be, and indeed cannot be, a Ministry of Health. There might be—indeed, there must be—a Ministry of Disease. Any parallel will make this plain enough. For instance, there are such things as Commissioners in Lunacy. But, if they told us that they were Commissioners in Sanity, we should doubt if they were sane. The lunacy laws already, in my opinion, make it much too easy to lock people up as mad. It would be intolerable if people were looked after in the same way, even when they were admittedly sane. It would be intolerable if doctors directed the use we make of our sanity; if they could not only put a few of us into strait waistcoats, but any of us into fancy waistcoats, according to their own fancy. So the State is perfectly justified in making exceptional arrangements about me if I have a disease like Yellow Fever, but not in deciding how I shall employ my health, or whether it is more wholesome for me to read the Yellow Press or the Yellow Book. But by calling the thing a Health Ministry instead of a Disease Ministry, we let in the false principle with all its possibilities. Only a few people have diseases that must be isolated, but thousands of people have health that could be improved. By the change the State passes from its right to restrain the few to a power to oppress the thousands.

Nobody seems to see the point about the peril of scientific legislation, as in experiments by the Ministry of Health and similar things. Of course, scientific politics only means popular science. Or rather, it means politician's science, which is worse. But there is a difficulty in the nature of science itself; and it may do a great deal of damage if we cannot manage to make it clear. It is involved in the nature of definition and of identity. Common-sense recognises realities, if it cannot define them. Popular science tries to define realities, and then finds that the definition can be extended to any number of unrealities. The indefinable impression is definite. But the definition is indefinite. In practice it is elastic and can be extended for ever.

It can only be explained by examples, so I will take the example of a word not unknown to us in far-off days, a word that still has something faintly familiar about it, like the memory of a previous existence—the word German. Compare the word German with the word Teuton. Every ordinary educated man knows exactly what he means by a German. He may like or dislike Germans; he may like them one year and dislike them the next; he may hate them so much as to demand their King's blood and a big indemnity, and then like them so much as to say they need not pay for what they smashed for fun. But all through he does mean by Germans men who really exist—a group of peoples recognised by their neighbours as having certain ways of speaking and dressing and behaving—the fastidious sometimes add certain ways of eating and drinking. We know that we mean something by saying that somebody is a German if only because we know when he is not a German. If anybody says that President Harding is a German we know it is nonsense, like saying he is a Japanese. But though it is impossible to call Mr. Harding a German,

it is not in the least impossible to call him a Teuton. It can be pointed out that Harding is a Teutonic name. That is, it is certainly a Saxon name and not a Norman or a Celtic name. Any American named Harding probably has English blood; any man who has English blood very probably has Saxon blood. Saxons did come from the Germanic forests in the Dark Ages, as is proved by the very name of Saxony. If I remember aright, there was once a saint named Harding. I think he was St. Stephen Harding—one of the great Anglo-Saxon monastic heroes of the Dark Ages. Perhaps some religion in some remote age will canonise Mr. Harding. Perhaps its followers, living in that remote age, will say he was a saint of the Dark Ages. They will find a good deal to support the view.

Anyhow, that is the point—that common-sense knows what is covered by the word German; but science never knows what may not sooner or later be made to come under the word Teuton. That is what

But, for all that, sane men know what they mean by insane men, and know they are not only to be found beyond the Rhine. But the spirit of scientific politics proceeded to add to this plain popular idea called lunacy a new and more general idea that was called feeble-mindedness. And exactly what distinguishes it is not its exactitude, but its elasticity. Nobody would say, except for a paradox, that all men are mad; but anyone might say as a platitude that all men are weak, and incidentally rather weak in the head. Even if we give it a narrower sense than this, it can only mean a multitude of people who are more than usually weak in the head. If Hamlet is mad he is mad, and if he is sane he is Prince of Denmark; but anybody can say that Ophelia before she went mad was always feeble-minded. Anybody who chooses may say that Osric or Polonius is feeble-minded. As for poor Yorick, whose jests could keep the table in a roar and whose laughter lingered like a beautiful memory in one sad and noble mind, I take it as certain that he would long ago have been locked up by modern science as a monster of mental deficiency. His skull could never have been picked up even carelessly by a jesting grave-digger in a Christian churchyard. It would long ago have been preserved in a bottle or a glass case in some pathological museum, as a specimen of cerebral deformity or microcephalous arrest of development.

Just as it was the mark of old tyranny to stretch the law, so it will be the mark of new tyranny to make a law that can be stretched. To a great extent, at least, what used to be called common law used the language of common-sense. That is, it used words that were a little too popular to be entirely twisted out of their ordinary sense. Stealing could hardly be stretched to mean taking ten minutes of a man's time. Murder could hardly be made to include any sort of material inconvenience, that anybody might say had shortened his life. But if the law begins to deal with new scientific words, that do not as yet correspond to any popular and recognised things, we have no public protection against their being extended to touch anything or anybody. The average witness, the average jurymen, knows what he means by a thief, and whether he thinks a certain person a thief or no. But if he is told that nobody can judge of kleptomania unless he has studied all other forms of monomania, he may

have to sit by helpless while somebody is sent to an asylum as a kleptomaniac because he accidentally pockets another man's matches, or twiddles nervously with another man's button. The very word that is being used corresponds to no clear idea in the mind of the mass of mankind. The very people who use it most will admit—or rather, boast—that they are only at the beginning of their discoveries about it. Sometimes they go on for so long boasting that they are at the beginning that we begin to have a dark suspicion that they are already at the end. But whether it be the dawn or the dusk of a science, it is certainly very dusky. It is certainly a twilight in which things are less distinct than they are in the broad daylight of common speech. The shapes seen in that twilight are still as fantastic as the Boojum or the Snark; and the most precise scientific definition gets no further than saying that the Snark is certainly a Boojum. There may be some value in this algebraic accuracy in the relation of unknown quantities—this philosophy founded on the great truth that $x = y$. But you will not get the grave-digger to call a Snark a Snark as he calls a spade a spade, or to believe in a Crowner's Quest Law that makes him swear to the one as if it were as solid as the other.

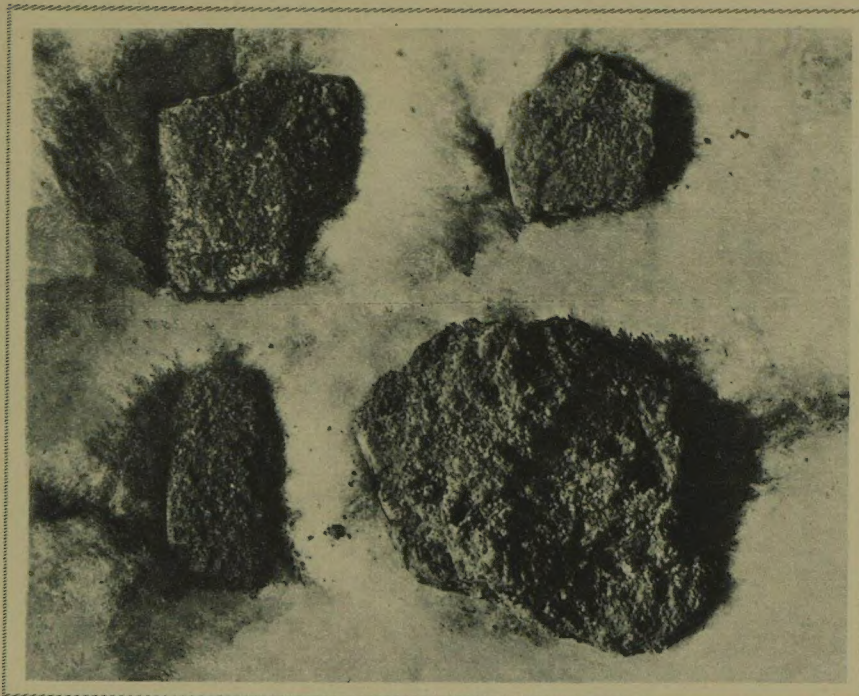


The late Brigadier-General Sir Owen Thomas, M.P. for Anglesey, had been actively interested in soldiering since the South African War, and had been Parliamentarian, stock-breeder and farmer, official of the Board of Trade, and agricultural adviser in South Africa and Egypt.—The late Sir James J. Shannon was born in the United States in 1862. He became A.R.A. in 1897, and Academician twelve years later.—Mr. Hayes (Labour) won the Edge Hill Division of Liverpool by 1050 votes. At the General Election, the Conservative majority was 466.—The late Lord Plymouth was a many-sided man who will be remembered chiefly for having saved the Crystal Palace and its grounds from the speculative builder. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Windsor, M.P. for the Ludlow Division, who was born in 1889.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, C.N., Photopress, Russell and Vandyk.]

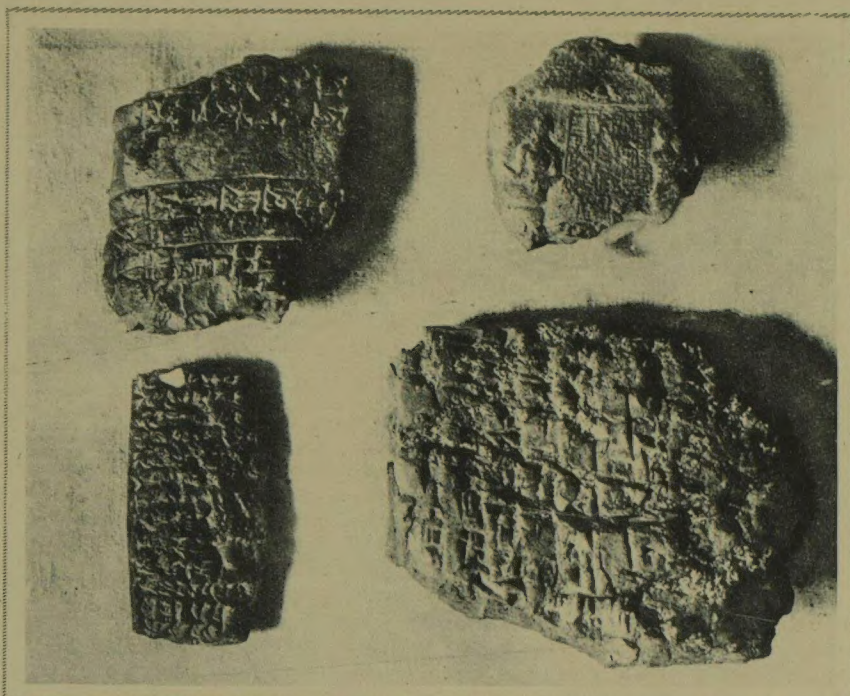
I mean by saying that the indefinable impression is really more definite than the definition. The definition is indefinite because it is infinite—that is, because it is elastic. A Saxon from Saxony is a fact; but an Anglo-Saxon from Anglo-Saxony raises all sorts of remote and subtle possibilities of type and test. The popular impression was an impression of identity, as when men in the street swear to the identity of a criminal. They may be mistaken; but their chances of mistake would be infinitely increased if they had to swear to the racial or sociological type of the criminal. Now that is exactly the difficulty that arises about scientific politics, otherwise politician's science; and it has often been applied to criminals, and still more often to criminal lunatics. As in the case of the Teutonism of Mr. Harding, the popular recognition is realistic, but the scientific generalisation is much too general. As most men have a practical working notion of a German, so most men have a practical working notion of a madman. By a verbal license he may sometimes have called every Hun a maniac; for that matter, by the same verbal license, he would sometimes call any maniac a Hun. Somebody said in a legal case recently that "Hunnish scenes" meant any sort of socially unpleasant scenes.

UR TABLETS 4000 YEARS OLD PRESERVED: HISTORY'S DEBT TO CHEMISTRY.

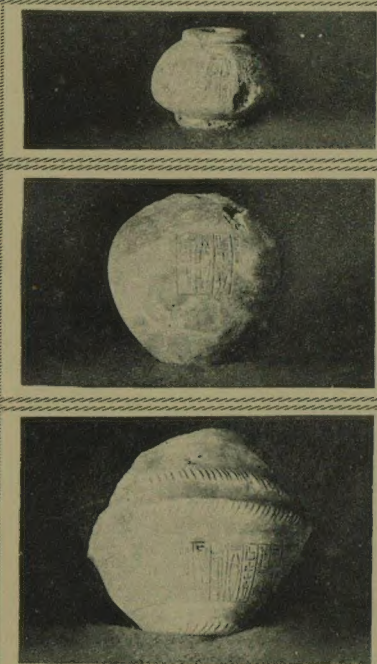
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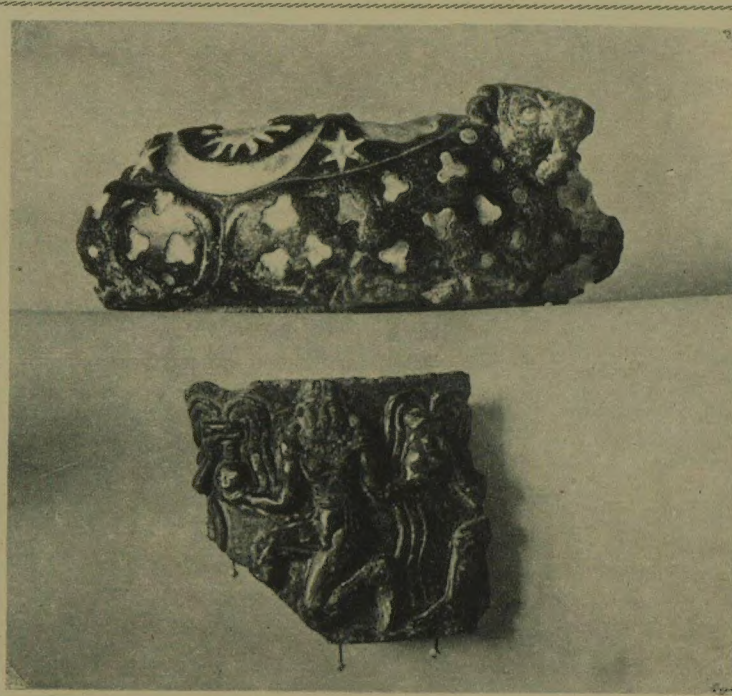
AS THEY WERE FOUND, BRITTLE AND ILLEGIBLE: INSCRIBED TABLETS OF UNBAKED CLAY FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES.



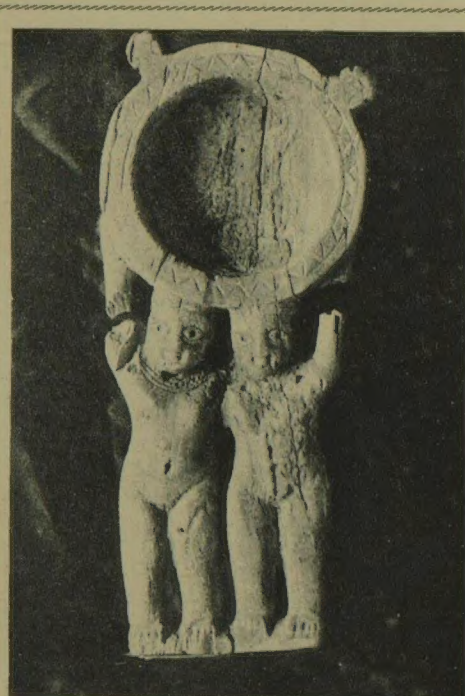
AFTER BEING BAKED AND TREATED WITH PRESERVATIVES: THE SAME TABLETS, SHOWING CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.



UR "FINDS": MARBLE MACE-HEAD OF UR-ENGUR; ALABASTER VASE OF RIMUSH; ALABASTER MACE-HEAD OF RIMUSH.



UR POTTERY: (TOP) A STEATITE VASE—THE BULL OF HEAVEN, INLAID IN IVORY; (BELOW) VASE FRAGMENT WITH RIVER GOD.



PROBABLY A RITUAL SPOON: A CARVED IVORY OBJECT (SEVENTH TO SIXTH CENTURY B.C.)



SHOWING THE STATE OF THE EXCAVATIONS UP TO JANUARY 15: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH-EAST END OF A TEMPLE AT UR, SEEN FROM THE EAST.



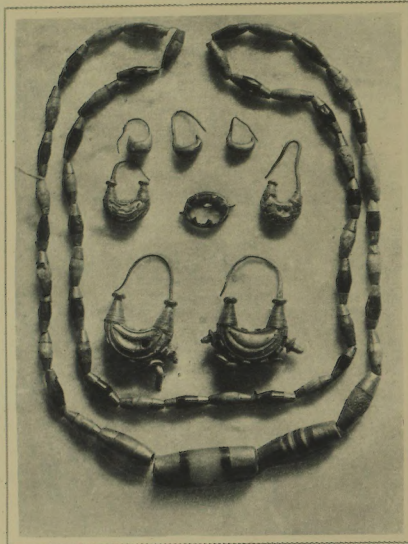
WITH A FLOOR BY NEBUCHADREZZAR AND WALLS BY KUDUR-MABUG: A TEMPLE ROOM—SHOWING TWO PAVEMENT BRICKS OF NABONIDUS ON THE ALTAR.

That chemistry is an indispensable aid to archaeological research is shown by the latest news from Ur of the Chaldees, in Mesopotamia, the birthplace of Abraham, where a joint expedition from the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia, under Mr. C. L. Woolley, has continued the excavations there with highly important results. He reports that the temple of the Moon-god has been almost entirely uncovered, and the temenos, or enclosure, traced for a considerable distance. Numerous inscribed tablets have been found, but they were in a bad condition, and needed careful treatment before they could be read. They were

of unbaked clay, and consequently very liable to crumble to pieces. Mr. Woolley applied an elaborate method of preservation, and on those which have already been treated with preservatives the cuneiform inscriptions are now legible. It will take time to treat them all, but the few already dealt with have proved to be of the Sumerian period, about 2000 B.C., and relate to matters of money and accounts. The upper vase in the centre photograph represents the Bull of Heaven, inlaid in ivory with a crescent moon, the seven stars of the Wain, and trefoils. Gaps in the inlay have been filled in with wax.

JEWELS OF GOLD AND SILVER FROM THE BIRTHPLACE OF

BY COURTESY OF



DATING FROM THE SIXTH TO THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: GOLD EARRINGS AND SETTING FOR A STONE, WITH A NECKLACE OF GOLD-CAPPED LAPIS AND BEADS OF CARNELIAN.



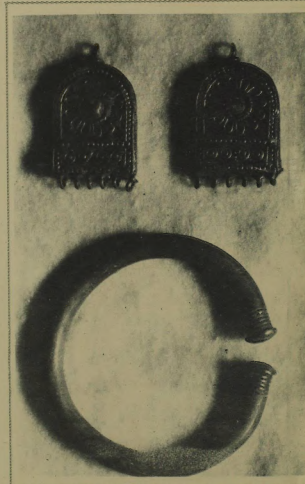
CHALDEAN METAL-WORK: (L. TO R.) A SILVER VESSEL; SILVER AND BRONZE BRACELETS CORRODED TOGETHER; A BRONZE VESSEL; A SILVER VESSEL.



WROUGHT IN THE SIXTH OR FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: A SILVER BOWL AND VASE AND A BRONZE VASE (RIGHT) CONTAINING TWO CYLINDRICAL SILVER POTS.



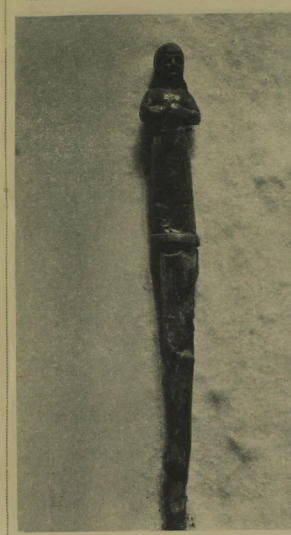
PART OF ANOTHER HOARD OF JEWELLERY OF STILL EARLIER DATE FOUND AT UR: BEADS AND PENDANTS OF GOLD AND LAPIS LAZULI (FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.)



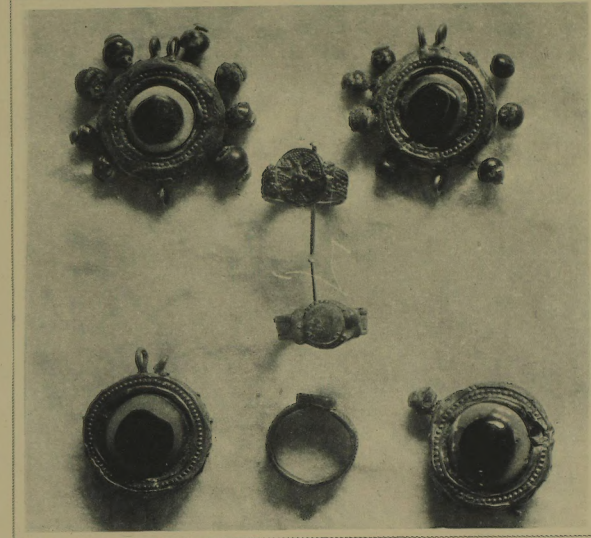
FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE MOON-GOD'S TEMPLE TO THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.—

ABRAHAM: RICH "FINDS" AT UR OF THE CHALDEES.

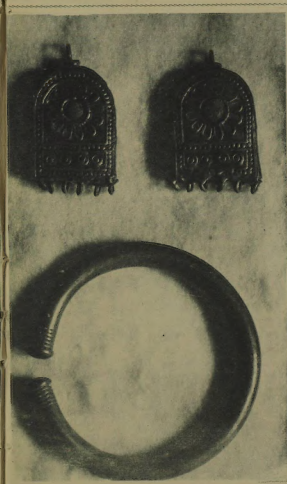
THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



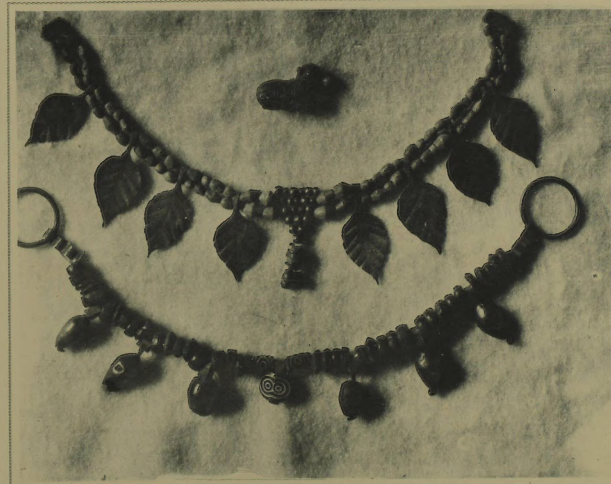
JEWELLERY 2500 YEARS OLD: A GOLD STATUETTE AS A PIN-HEAD, FOUND AT UR.



SET WITH CATS-EYES AND CARNELIANS: GOLD BROOCHES, AND GOLD FINGER-RINGS (DATING FROM THE SIXTH TO THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.).



AT UR OF THE CHALDEES: JEWELS OF THE SIXTH GOLD PENDANTS AND BRACELETS.



INCLUDING A GOLD FIGURINE OF A RAM, BEADS OF GOLD, LAPIS AND CARNELIAN, WITH REALISTIC LEAF-DESIGNS: JEWELLERY OF THE EIGHTH TO THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.

During the highly important excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, conducted this year by a joint expedition from the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Mr. C. L. Woolley, a quantity of jewellery of exquisite workmanship was discovered. Two separate deposits of jewellery were found at different places among the ruins of the great temple of the Moon-god, the earlier hoard dating from about the eighth to the seventh century B.C., and the later and larger one from the sixth to the fifth century B.C. Both these hoards included necklaces and pendants of gold, and beads of lapis lazuli, carnelian, and other stones. In the later deposit, found beneath a floor of the Persian period, there were also several vases

of gold and bronze, as well as bracelets of gold and silver, gold finger-rings, a gold statuette of a woman, and some silver bowls. On the previous page we illustrate some of the remarkably interesting clay tablets, with cuneiform inscriptions, dating from Sumerian times, about 2000 B.C., which were also found at Ur. Sculptures of considerable size are reported to have come to light, but particulars of these are not at present available. The excavations have now been closed for the season, but, in view of the great interest and value of the work so far accomplished, it is very desirable that they should be continued, and it is hoped that private benefactions will be forthcoming to supplement the somewhat restricted amount of public money that can be allotted to the purpose.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

IX.—THE RIGHT HON. MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON, K.G.

THE incurious foreigners who stand about railway-stations on Continental frontiers and apathetically prod the personal belongings of total strangers are requested to permit the British traveller to pass without let or hindrance by an assembly bearing the impressive names of "George Nathaniel, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, Earl of Kedleston, Viscount Scarsdale, Baron Ravensdale, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, a Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, etc., etc., etc. His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." The request, which is obtainable at a trifling cost, is conveniently conveyed in book form, and is rarely electrifying in its effect upon foreign *douaniers*. But one feels, somehow, that it was worth it, if only for the opportunities which it afforded of enunciating that sonorous, that unparalleled catalogue of titles. It is not so much a name as a litany. In its determined ascent from the crowded and vulgar plains of Barony to the lordlier pinnacle of Marquessate, it is a biography *in pectus*. And one has felt, in more irreverent moments, that, without disparaging in any way the artistic taste of its noble subject, it is his favourite music.

A skilful observer, whose contributions to contemporary biography have made her more readers than friends, saw him as a young man with "appearance more than looks, a keen, lively face, and an expression of enamelled self-assurance." Most of the liveliness, perhaps, has faded; but the rest remains. Yet the manner which is tolerable in an ex-Viceroy of India must have been singularly exasperating in a young man from Balliol with no claim to distinction beyond the commendation of the Master, a Fellowship of All Souls', and the Presidency of the Union. One is hardly surprised that contemporaries wrote wicked rhymes about him; and an inheritance of that vague resentment, of that pardonable tendency to deride the grand airs of someone who had not yet done anything to justify them, seems to have lingered into our own time. There is always an inclination to think of his manner before his achievement, and one is conscious of a temptation to chalk irreverent things on that broad, averted back. Such treatment may have done well enough in 1895, when he was a faintly irritating paragon among Under-Secretaries. But it is hardly adequate in a generation which has sent him to India—and even to Lausanne.

In his early phases he climbed the lower slopes, supported mainly by a belief in his abilities which was shared between Dr. Jowett and himself. "He had," if the feminine observer is to be believed, "ambition and—what he claimed for himself in a brilliant description—'middle-class method'; and he added to a kindly feeling for other people a warm corner for himself. . . . George Curzon would outstrip his rivals. He had two incalculable advantages over them: he was chronically industrious and self-sufficing; and, though Oriental in his ideas of colour and ceremony, with a poor sense of proportion and a childish love of fine people, he was never self-indulgent. He neither ate, drank, nor smoked too much, and left nothing to chance." It was a sound equipment.

One is hardly surprised that this admirable, if distinctly orthodox, Crichton ascended by the regular route. In the days when Lord Salisbury alone seemed to stand between Great Britain and the Red menace of Mr. Gladstone, George Curzon threw himself with ardour into the absorbing calling of being a Rising Young Man. He spoke; he wrote; he even worked. By a device which rarely fails at Westminster, he won political esteem by mastering a distant subject; and Turkestan completed the career which Balliol had begun. The Private Secretary became an Under-Secretary; and the seals of a Secretary of State dangled gleaming in a future which seemed not far distant. Perhaps (who knows?) one might climb still higher; and in the bright dawn of 1891, when Wilde informed a respectful breakfast-party in Paris that he was writing a play in French, the obliging young man offered to attend the first night as Prime Minister.

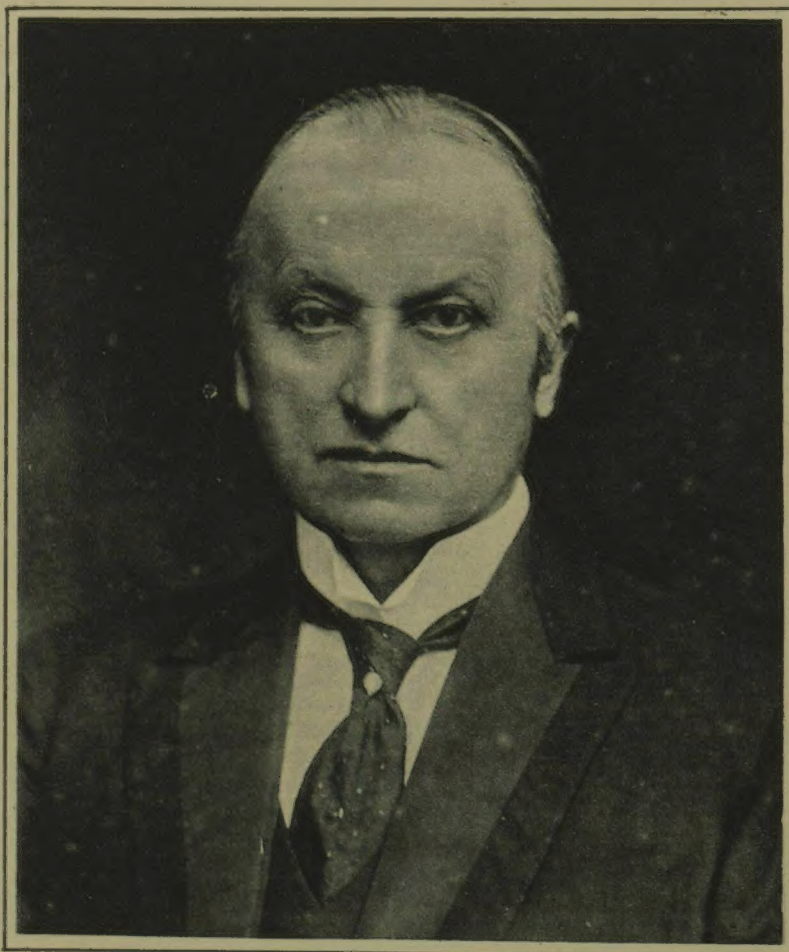
But there is one feature of those early years which always seems strange to a later generation. One takes for granted the majestic, inevitable procession of his promotion. Two generations have

grown accustomed to a grave vision of Lord Curzon rotating easily in a world of red boxes. Official preferment is his native air, and the grave formulæ of official statements form his normal idiom. But patient research disinters from old diaries an earlier,



ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY LINKED WITH AMERICAN SOCIETY: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Lord Curzon married first, in 1895, Mary Victoria, daughter of the late Levi Zeigler Leiter, of Dupont Circle, Washington, U.S.A. She died in 1906. In 1917 he married Grace Elvina, daughter of the late J. Monroe Hinds, of Alabama, U.S.A., and widow of Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires. He has three daughters by his first marriage.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND EX-VICEROY OF INDIA: THE MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., F.R.S. Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

more frivolous incarnation of the stately figure that brought home to England the solemnity of the East and revived in Lausanne old echoes of a style which had not been heard there since Mr. Gibbon left for

home. "George Curzon" (one is always stumbling on the same startling praise) "was, as usual, the most brilliant, he never flags for an instant either in speech or repartee." Posterity is a little apt to rub its eyes, as that familiar, upright figure takes its place among the young gallants of the Crabtree Club. One waits for a grave invocation or a severe reproof. But Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's young men and the self-conscious Graces of "the Souls" knew George Curzon as "a first-rate host and boon companion." The evidence exists; there is documentary authority, which cannot be disputed, for

" . . . a lay
Of that company gay
Compounded of gallants and graces,
Who gathered to dine,
In the year '89,
In a haunt that in Hamilton Place is."

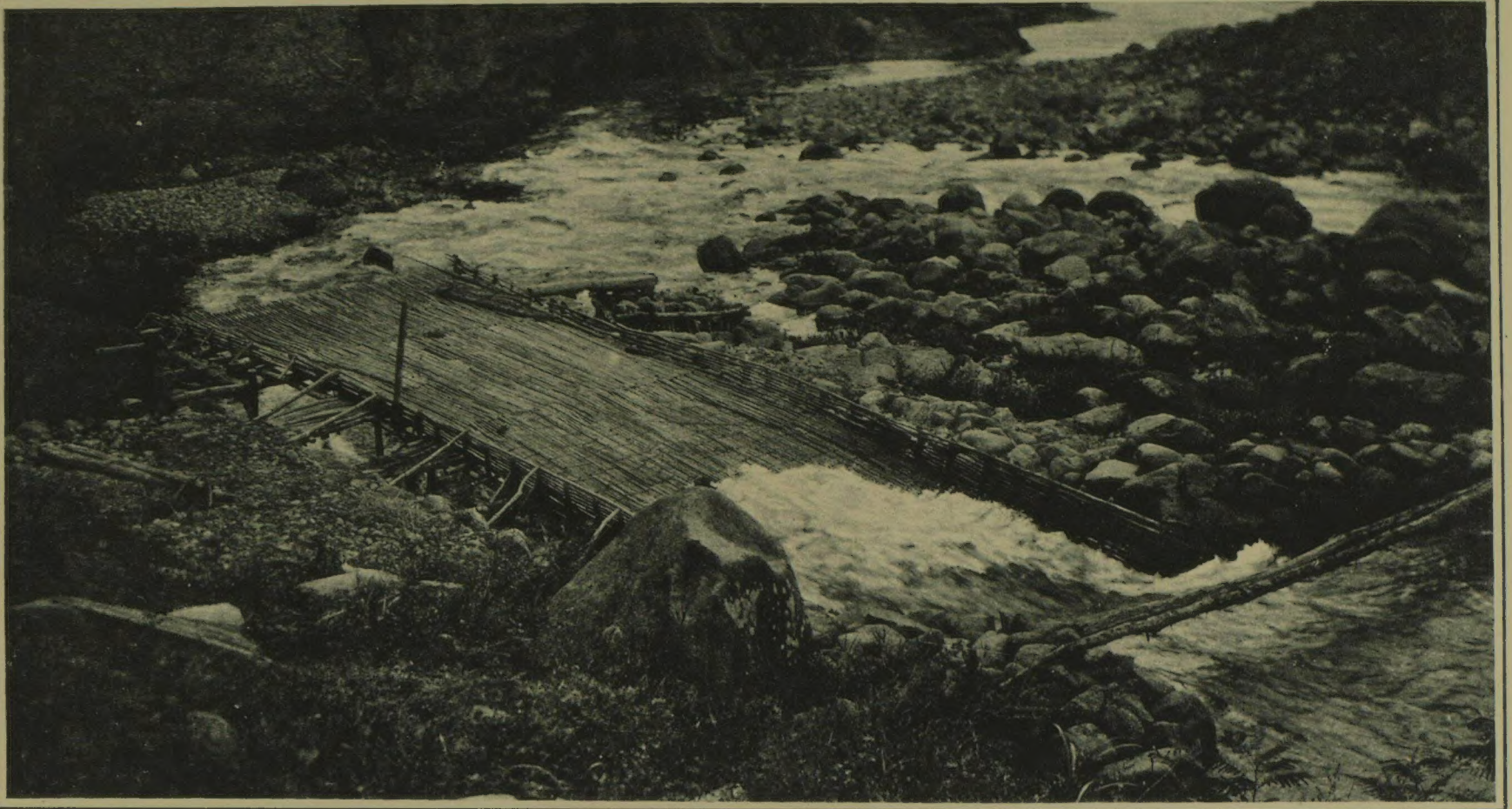
One might reasonably credit Lord Curzon with a dignified Muse addicted to slow-moving metres and translations from dead languages. But posterity cannot observe her without a sensation of mild alarm, as she cocks her bay-leaves over one eye and hurries an unaccustomed foot into the debonair and dactylic measure of—

"Here a trio we meet,
Whom you never will beat,
Tho' wide you may wander and far go;
From what wonderful art
Of that Gallant Old Bart.
Sprang Charty and Lucy and Margot?
"To Lucy he gave
The wiles that enslave,
Heart and tongue of an angel to Charty;
To Margot the wit
And the wielding of it,
That make her the joy of a party."

It all seems, to the modern eye, extremely odd, and oddest of all that *vers de société* should stream from the pen of Lord Curzon, while *mots* poured lightly from his lips. One had never thought of him as a convivial figure; and it all sounds, if one may say so without discourtesy, rather like the Statue of the Commander sitting down to a jolly evening with Don Juan.

As a public figure he has always displayed to perfection that quality of grandeur which Matthew Arnold so admired in epic poets; and it has resulted that the public imagination, which is rarely equal to an unadulterated demonstration of the Grand Manner, cherishes him principally for those occasions on which the perfection of the spectacle was marred by some spontaneous intrusion of the ordinary. His Durbar in 1903 cost £5,000,000 (of which fully £50,000 was shown, with a candour rare among Governments, in the Estimates). Lord Curzon's fondest recollection may be of the moment when the Duke of Connaught bowed to the representative of his Sovereign. But out of all that solemn parade in the Indian sunshine the public memory will probably retain the lively image of a fox-terrier "belonging to a bandsman in one of the Highland regiments," which arrived before the Viceroy on his throne and from that solemn eminence "began barking, to the amusement of the assembled Princes, dignitaries of the Empire, and somewhat, too, to their disgust."

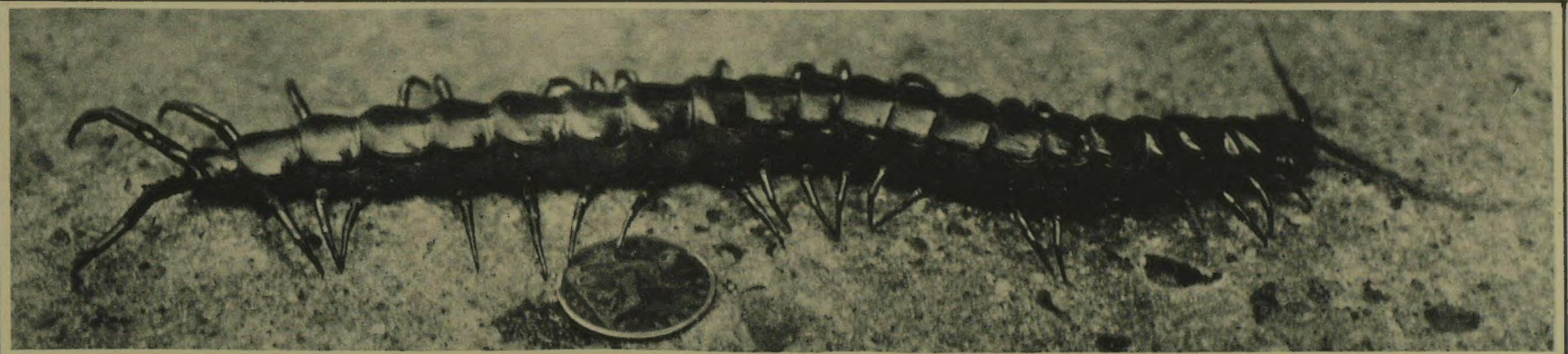
There has been a lack, in Lord Curzon's career, of such relief. His progress from the perfection of Balliol to the perfection of Westminster, from majesty at Simla to majesty on the red benches of the House of Lords, has been just a thought too regular. He has lacked vicissitudes; and his career, with its persistent upward movement in public office and in Debrett, shows something of the wearisome regularity of the prize boy. His enemies have sometimes confused the Grand Manner with the solemn dignity of an upper servant; and even his friends have not always interpreted his actions fairly. When he acquiesced in the passage of the Parliament Bill, Mr. Wyndham explained that "it was all snobbishness . . . on Curzon's part. He could not bear to see his Order contaminated with the new creations." The taunt is frequently unjust; and even if it were true, even if Lord Curzon was a mere gesture of exclusiveness, there would still be room for gratitude to a public man who walks through public life like a minuet, instead of shambling through it like a one-step.

Salmon-Catching by Inclined Plane: A Curious Fish-Trap on a Japanese River.

MADE OF BAMBOO POLES AND SO CONSTRUCTED THAT FISH ARE WASHED UP IT INTO SHALLOW WATER:
AN INCLINED PLANE FISH-TRAP ON THE SHINANO RIVER, JAPAN.

There are more ways of catching a salmon than hooking it! A correspondent writes: "The photograph shows a large fish-trap as used by the Japanese. This one is on the Shinano River, near Komoro, in Nagano District, Gumma Province, Japan. The trap is about 100 ft. long, by 20 ft. wide, and is constructed of bamboo poles which form an inclined plane. All the water of the river flows on to this platform, and sinks between the poles. Any fishes carried over the slight

fall are swept by the water up the inclined plane about thirty feet, where the water is so shallow that they cannot get back. They flounder there until they are picked up with a small net attached to a bamboo pole. While this photograph was being taken a salmon was caught in this way, and it was taken out and placed in a pool close to the trap. It measured 22 inches long and weighed about 6 lb." The photograph was taken by Mr. J. A. Jackson, of Shanghai.

"Zoo" Acquisitions: A Giant Centipede; the Rarest Captive Mammal; and a Wild Dog.

OVER A FOOT LONG AND NEARLY HALF AN INCH ACROSS: ONE OF TWO GIANT CENTIPEDES FROM TRINIDAD NOW IN THE INSECT HOUSE AT THE "ZOO"—VERY VENOMOUS, BUT NOT KNOWN TO BE FATAL TO HUMAN BEINGS (WITH A PENNY TO SHOW SIZE).



"PERHAPS THE RAREST MAMMAL IN ANY EUROPEAN 'ZOO'": A YOUNG FEMALE TAKIN (*BUDORCAS TAXICOLOR*) FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

Two giant centipedes from Trinidad were recently presented to the "Zoo" by Mr. R. B. Murray, who captured them. They kill prey with their venom, which is secreted by the whole body, and their bite is very painful to human beings, though not known to be fatal.—The Takin is a goat-like animal found in China and the Himalayas. "The young female Takin," writes Mr. D. Seth-Smith, "is perhaps the rarest mammal in any European zoological collection. With another



NOW IN THE LEMUR HOUSE: AN INDIAN WILD DOG—A YOUNG FEMALE OF A SPECIES FOUND IN THE HIMALAYAN AND SOUTHERN FORESTS.

female, it was presented by the Maharaja of Bhutan to Major F. M. Bailey, Political Officer in Sikkim." Major Bailey gave the London "Zoo" the first choice of the takins. The other, which went to the Edinburgh "Zoo," died after one day in this country.—The Indian wild dog, more like a jackal than a wolf, was presented by Major T. S. Paterson. These dogs hunt in small packs in the forests of the Himalayas and Southern India.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. D. SETH-SMITH AND C.N.]

ROYAL BABES OF THREE GENERATIONS: "RUGGER"; NEW MINISTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ; RUSSELL AND SONS; DOWNEY, LTD.; C.N.; HALL AND RUSSELL; VANDYK; AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



KING EDWARD AS A BABY: A DRAWING BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER, FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



KING GEORGE (ON THE LEFT) AS A LITTLE BOY, WITH HIS PARENTS AND HIS BROTHER, THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



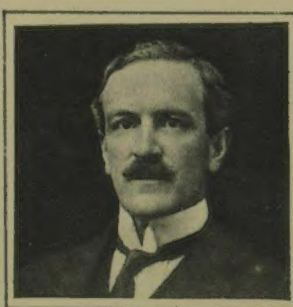
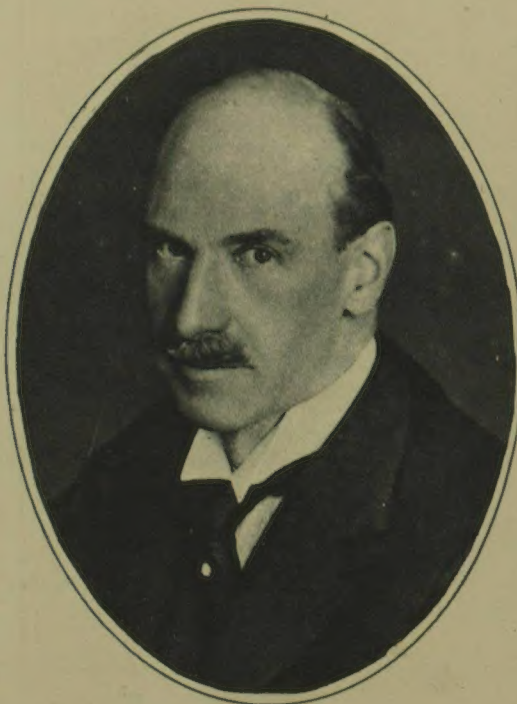
PRINCESS MARY AS A BABY: AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OF HER SON ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE WINS THE SERVICES' RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIRST TIME: FOOTWORK IN THE OPEN DURING THE MATCH AGAINST THE ARMY.



A VICTORY MAINLY DUE TO THE FORWARDS: THE R.A.F. v. THE ARMY AT ALDERSHOT—AN ARMY PLAYER (CENTRE, IN WHITE KNICKERS) DRIBBLING THE BALL



NEW UNDER-SEC., HOME OFFICE: MR. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON.



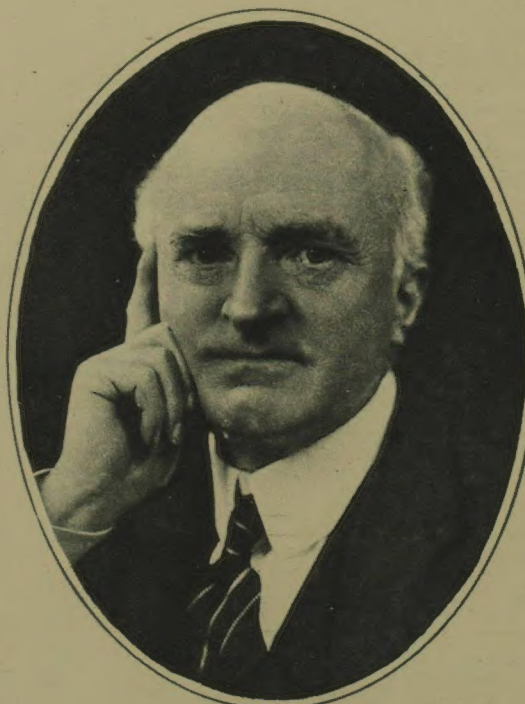
NEW PARL. SEC., MINISTRY OF LABOUR: MR. H. BETTERTON.



NEW FINAN. SEC., TREASURY: MAJ. A. B. BOYD-CARPENTER.



NEW PARL. SEC., OVERSEAS TRADE DEPT.: COL. BUCKLEY.



INVITED TO BE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF UNIONIST PARTY: ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD HALL.

INVITED TO BE CHAIRMAN OF UNIONIST PARTY: LIEUT.-COL. F. S. JACKSON.

For comparison with the photograph of Princess Mary's little son on the opposite page, we give above portraits taken in early childhood of his mother; his maternal grandfather, the King; and of his maternal great-grandfather, the late King Edward. Thus (on the two pages) four generations of the blood royal are represented in infancy.—The Royal Air Force beat the Army in the "Rugger" match at Aldershot on March 10 by 2 goals and 1 try (13 points) to 1 goal (5 points), thus winning the Services' Rugby Championship for the first time, having previously beaten the Royal Navy at Twickenham.—Various new Ministerial and other political appointments were announced on March 13. The Hon. F. S. Jackson, of cricket fame, was recently invited to resign the Financial Secre-

taryship to the War Office and succeed Lord Younger as Chairman of the Unionist Party Executive, while Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Hall was asked to become Vice-Chairman, in succession to Sir Malcolm Fraser, Chief Agent, who has resigned. Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson has been Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Home Secretary and to the Assistant Foreign Secretary, and Charity Commissioner. Mr. Henry Betterton acted during the war as liaison officer between the Trade Intelligence Department, Admiralty, War Office, and Ministry of Munitions. Major Boyd-Carpenter, a son of the famous Bishop of Ripon, served in the Great War and the South African War, as also did Colonel Buckley, formerly Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Kellaway in the Overseas Trade Department.

PRINCESS MARY'S NEW INTEREST IN LIFE: MOTHER AND CHILD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



TO BE A NAMESAKE OF HIS ROYAL GRANDFATHER: GEORGE HENRY HUBERT (AS HE WILL BE CHRISTENED ON PALM SUNDAY) WITH HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.

It was stated on the 9th that Princess Mary's son is to be named George Henry Hubert—George after his maternal grandfather, the King; Henry after his father, Viscount Lascelles, and paternal grandfather, the Earl of Harewood; and Hubert after the second Marquess of Clanricarde, who left Lord Lascelles a great fortune. The baptism of the baby is to take place at Goldsborough on Palm Sunday (March 25), as mentioned in our issue of March 3, where we illustrated Goldsborough Church and its two fountains. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and

Viscount Lascelles, with their infant son, travelled from London on March 10 to Goldsborough Hall, their Yorkshire home, where they will remain for Easter. According to the arrangements announced up to the time of writing, the King will go to Goldsborough from Knowsley, after seeing the Grand National; while the Queen, who will not attend the race, will arrive independently, and their Majesties will both be present at the christening. On March 3 Princess Mary went for her first drive since her baby was born (on February 7).

A CHESS-BOARD OF DYKES AND POLDERS, WITH WINDMILLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AERO LLOYD; SUPPLIED



"PROMINENT
LANDMARKS—THE
HUGE WINDMILLS,
STANDING OUT AGAINST
THE SKY, ARE SELDOM
AT REST": A TYPICAL
GROUP OF MILLS
NEAR ROTTERDAM

FOR PAWNS: DUTCH LANDSCAPE AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

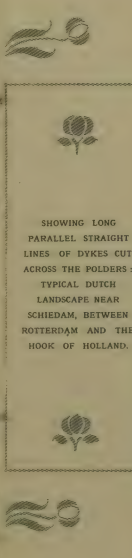
BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



"CARRYING WATER
FROM THE
SMALLER CANALS
TO THE LARGER ONES,
COMMUNICATING WITH
CANALS HIGHER UP,
WHICH CARRY THE
WATER TO THE SEA":
MILLS, DYKES, AND
CANALS
NEAR ROTTERDAM.



RUNNING THROUGH A
NARROW NECK OF LAND,
EDGED WITH ISLETS AND
SMALL PENINSULAS,
AMONG THE LAKES:
A TYPICAL DUTCH DYKE
ROAD NEAR GOUDA, AND
A VILLAGE CHURCH.



SHOWING LONG
PARALLEL STRAIGHT
LINES OF DYKES CUT
ACROSS THE POLDERS:
TYPICAL DUTCH
LANDSCAPE NEAR
SCHIEDAM, BETWEEN
ROTTERDAM AND THE
HOOK OF HOLLAND.



The landscape of Holland is famous for its individuality and peaceful charm. Our photographs show it from a new point of view, that of an airman in an aeroplane, to whom the geometrical lines and squares formed by its dykes and polders present something of the appearance of a chess-board, with the ubiquitous windmills for pawns, and here and there a village church, representing the larger pieces. Describing the country from a terrestrial standpoint, Mr. Charles E. Roche writes, in "Things Seen in Holland" (Seeley and Co.): "The feelings of the traveller who sets foot on Dutch soil for the first time are those of surprise and wonderment. Like a flash does it come through his mind that he is in a land unlike all others he has visited; that he is treading soil which has been wrested from an angry sea and overflowing rivers. . . . The endless network of canals makes of the land one huge checker-board. . . . The huge windmills, standing out against the sky, are seldom at rest. . . . As they revolve slowly against the line of the horizon, they are

plodding along industriously, extracting oil from seeds, thrashing hemp, sawing wood, pulverising gravel, and last, but not least, doing their utmost to prevent the polders (lands rescued from the water's sway, and devoted to agricultural production) from being inundated. They are unceasingly engaged in carrying water from the smaller canals to the larger ones, communicating by the same means with canals higher up, which, in turn, carry the water to the sea. . . . As one passes through this noiseless landscape, unfolding itself, undisturbed by any other sound than the tinkling of cow-bells and the musical chimes of the town or village belfry. . . . one falls into a lazy reverie, amid which arises the awakening recollection of the difficulties under which the entrancing landscape has been fashioned by the hand of man. Over and over again have the cruel and greedy waters claimed more than their pound of human flesh." In the Middle Ages, and later, vast inundations of the sea occurred from time to time, overwhelming scores of villages and drowning many thousands of people.

MAKING A GREAT PUBLIC APPEAL IN THE CAUSE OF BRITISH OPERA: THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



R.A.M. STUDENTS: (1) HORN AND BASSOON; (2) AN ELOCUTION CLASS; (3) A CHORAL CLASS; (4) AN ORGAN LESSON; (5) ORCHESTRAL PRACTICE; (6) CELLO AND DOUBLE-BASS; (7) BASS DRUM, TYMPANI, AND TRUMPET; (8) ENSEMBLE PRACTICE; (9) HARP, FLUTE AND OBOE.

The Royal Academy of Music, which kept its centenary last year and is the oldest British musical teaching institution, is making a great effort to promote the development of British opera. Native opera, as well as singers trained in dramatic art and voice-production, are now in continual demand, but the R.A.M. lacks an adequate theatre for the training of operatic singers and for giving new British operas a critical hearing. The provision of a small theatre for this purpose, in connection with the Academy, has become an urgent necessity. For the first time in its hundred years of progress (during which it has subsisted entirely on fees, private donations and subscriptions, and an annual Government grant of £500), the R.A.M. is, therefore, appealing to the musical

public for funds to realise the scheme. Already a suitable site for a theatre, behind the Academy buildings in Marylebone Road, has been acquired by the governing body for £3500. The cost of building and furnishing, according to approved plans, will be £35,000, of which the Academy can provide £10,000, while private gifts have contributed £6000. There remains a sum of £19,000, to which all who wish to help the growing reputation of British music are invited to subscribe. Subscriptions may be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Music, York Gate, Marylebone Road, N.W. Further drawings to illustrate the work of the Academy will appear in a later issue of this paper.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)

THE "RED, BLUE AND BLACK" PRINCE: A WINNER AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILL.



IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACE WHICH HE LOST BY HALF A LENGTH: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS JUST AN IDEA TAKING A FENCE.



THE ROYAL WINNER OF THE WELSH GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS LITTLE FAVOURITE, TAKING THE LAST FENCE.

A GOOD SECOND IN THE GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., AND TOPICAL



UNSADDLING HIS HORSE, JUST AN IDEA: THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACE AT HAWTHORN HILL.



WINNING THE WELSH GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRINCE ON LITTLE FAVOURITE, AT THE LAST FENCE.



LEADING THE FIELD IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACE AT HAWTHORN HILL, IN WHICH HE FINISHED A CLOSE SECOND: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS JUST AN IDEA (CENTRE).



MAKING HIS WINNING EFFORT IN THE WELSH GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS LITTLE FAVOURITE (LEFT).



REGIMENTAL RACE AT HAWTHORN HILL: THE PRINCE COMING UP STRONGLY AFTER BEING WELL BEHIND.



LEADING AT THE LAST JUMP, BUT BEATEN BY HALF A LENGTH: THE PRINCE ON JUST AN IDEA (RIGHT), AND THE WINNER, MR. A. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, ON BADGER II., IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT.

At the Brigade of Guards' Point-to-Point meeting at Hawthorn Hill on March 9, the Prince of Wales, who showed himself once more a very plucky rider across country, won the Welsh Guards' Regimental Race by a short head on his own horse, Little Favourite, coming up strongly at the finish, after being well behind among a field of eight. In the Grenadier Guards' Race for the Manners Cup, he rode another of his horses, Just an Idea, and was only beaten at the finish by half a length, by Mr. A. Heywood-Lonsdale on Badger II., after having led at the last jump. The Prince recently registered his colours for 1923, under National Hunt rules, as red, with blue sleeves and black cap. It was arranged that on March 13 he would ride in the point-to-point races of the

Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, to which he belongs, near Tetbury. He has entered Little Favourite, Just an Idea, and Little Christy for the Ladies' Purse, to be run at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases, on March 26, at Burton Lazars, in Leicestershire. For an open steeplechase at the same meeting, he has entered Kinlark, the famous Antipodean 'chaser which was presented to him in Australia by Mr. J. M. Niall, a well-known sportsman of Melbourne. Kinlark had just won the Australian Steeplechase for £2000, and the Prince, in accepting the gift, said he hoped to win some races with the horse in England. There is now a possibility that this hope may be realised.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE PLAY-BOX" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

I HAVE just finished reading Mr. Basil Dean's spirited address to the young actors who are to form the company of the new theatrical enterprise, "The Play-Box," the afternoon theatre that is to open its gates in September next under his direction and that of Mr. Rea, his associate. And with Mr. Dean I cordially agree that, if practice be equal to the programme, there may arise the dawn of a new

Skin Game" and "Loyalties," have each exceeded a run of a year—which is, indeed, a long span of life as one measures the vitality of plays. More than that: as both plays were of depth and of a serious trend, their success proves that the London public is not as stupid and inclined to the frivolous as it is often written down to be. Let me repeat what has been said time after time, that the London public is the most docile in the world, but in need of guidance. Its characteristic is that it is easily misled—that it has a sheep-like tendency to follow the leader whose bell tinkles loudest, and it is the leader who all too often thinks that he must stoop to conquer by pandering to the lower instincts, to the facile but effective, to the meretricious but glamorous, in order to fill his coffers. The under-estimation of our playgoers is altogether a fallacy, as could be proved by drawing parallel columns of the records of plays by our great authors from Pinero to Shaw, compared with such stuff as "Little Bits of Fluff" are made of.

When I read the programme initiated by Mr. Dean, I see not only the brilliant ray of hope in the future, but I also find a very cogent answer to the question—or rather, I should say to the plaint—concerning the capacities of our dramatists. How often does it not happen that a manager, or an actor or an actress about to start off their own bat, exclaims: "I have the theatre, I have the money, but where do I find the plays?" Whenever I hear that, "I should smile," as the American puts it.

The plays are there right enough. What is wanting is the finding of them, and, most important point of all, the encouragement needed for dramatists to carry on. How many plays of quality are rejected because the issues are either undecided or catastrophic instead of "a happy ending"?

Our commercial manager will always tell you, that people, after the day's work, want to feel happy in the theatre and go home to happiness. But is it true? Is there not as much and more pleasure to be derived from a logical, if sad, ending than from that absurd finale of a reconciliation-kiss which even the most unsophisticated playgoer in the gallery knows to be a sop to Cerberus, and merely the prelude to the misunderstanding which would begin once more immediately after the curtain has fallen, if the theatre were life?

There is as much enjoyment in the tear that wells up from the heart as in the guffaw brought forth by a farcical situation. Simple sentiment appeals to all sorts and conditions of men and women except the *blasés*, for whom no doctor has yet been able to find the remedy—except, perhaps, a dose of hard labour. Thus I hope that, in the selection of his plays, Mr. Basil Dean will prove the leader he proclaims he will be, and not that he will, should things go none too well in the beginning, yield to compromise. Nor, I hope, will he be enticed by clique or fashion to lend a too willing ear to those who are always ready to blare "masterpiece" when a play is merely *précieux*. There is at least one foreign play in his list, which

shall be unnamed for the present, which I regard with a little apprehension. But then, personally, I hate everything that is what the French call "*factice*." As I believe I can read human characters, so my experience has taught me to read the nature of plays. I feel at a glance that which is born from inspiration and that which is talent masquerading as genius in order to bamboozle its crowd and create proselytes among people who are always ready to follow Dame Fashion, whether she be ushered in by M. Paquin or by a playwright or a critic *à la mode*.

With regard to Mr. Dean's foreshadowed methods of production and ensemble, I feel wholly in accord with him. It is time that on our boards simplicity should take the place of meaningless luxury, so that the play and the spoken word may be the thing, and not the scenery and the furniture. That is why some three years ago I called attention in *The Illustrated London News* to that new and far-reaching innovation of Herr Hasait of Dresden, whereby one of the great economic questions of the theatre is solved by creating scenery through the projection of light on plain



IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION: "MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK," BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER. Miss Elizabeth Pollock is the younger daughter of Sir Adrian Pollock, the City Chamberlain and Treasurer. Her elder sister is the wife of Captain Cyril Asquith, son of the ex-Premier.

By Courtesy of the Artist, whose Copyright is Strictly Reserved. Photograph by Henry Dixon and Sons.

era for the British drama in the little house in West Street, which, despite its short career, has a record worthy of—aye, surpassing—the repute of many London theatres of older standing. For at the St. Martin's Theatre two Galsworthy plays, "The



TONY OF "THE DANCERS" IN THE R.S.P.P.: "SIR GERALD DU MAURIER"—THE PORTRAIT BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

The two portraits reproduced on this page have been on view (from February 24 to March 16) in the Thirty-third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, at the Suffolk Galleries. Sir Gerald du Maurier is at present playing the hero in "The Dancers," at Wyndham's Theatre.

By Courtesy of the Artist, whose Copyright is Strictly Reserved. Photograph taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Henry Dixon and Sons.

canvas instead of spending useless hundreds on paint-pot and palette. But, as usual when one proffers the egg of Columbus to our theatres, it is cast aside until "several years have elapsed," and some young man like Basil Dean, less conservative than the rest, thinks that it is worth while casting an eye across the Dover Straits instead of basking in the stagnant comfort of insularity. For production and ensemble, then, one can have great expectations, since Basil Dean by his past and present work has proved that he is a man of imagination as well as a proficient stage-director. I piously hope that what he said in his address to his players, that the stars would often have to take the lesser parts in order to obtain a harmonious picture, may prove as felicitous in practice as it sounds like millennium in theory. The artistic temperament is averse from eclipse—even though it be but temporary and for the good of the cause. Meanwhile, here is good luck to the "Play-Box," which deserves a firm grip of the hand by all those good folk who never tire of telling their neighbours how much they love our theatre, and all too often prefer words to deeds!

A TOKEN OF FREEDOM FOR TURKISH WOMEN: KEMAL'S UNVEILED WIFE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. ERCOLE, PATHÉ NEWS, NEW YORK.



"WE FOUND THAT WE HAD THE SAME AMBITIONS FOR OUR COUNTRY": MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE (LATIFEH HANOUM) AT TCHANKAIA, NEAR ANGORA.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Turkish Nationalist leader, recently married Latifeh Hanoum, daughter of Moharem Ushaki Bey, a Smyrna merchant, and on February 21 brought his bride home to the little villa presented to him by the Turkish people, on a hill five miles from Angora. His wife, who lived several years in France and a year in England (at Tudor Hall School, Chislehurst), speaks French and English fluently. On her return to Smyrna in 1921, she found her father imprisoned by the Greeks, and she herself was arrested

and placed under guard in her home. When the Turks entered Smyrna, Mustapha Kemal was invited to stay at the house, and their romance began. Mr. G. Ward Price, who the other day took tea with them, writes: "I asked Kemal if, in abolishing the cloistered life of Turkish women, suppressing the veil, and encouraging them to take part in politics, he did not fear opposition." Kemal replied that almost all Turkish women were against seclusion, which existed chiefly in the towns and not among villagers.

“OF QUEENS’ GARDENS”—AND PRINCESSES’: ROYAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



DESIGNED BY
THE QUEEN OF
SPAIN: A
FOUNTAIN
GARDEN WITH
A COLUMNED
CORTILE AT
ONE END, AND A
PERGOLA AT THE
OTHER, CON-
NECTED BY A
RED-TILED
PATH WITH
BEDS OF
AZALEAS.

IDEALS IN HORTICULTURAL DESIGN AT OLYMPIA.

E. W. J. PAYNE, NEASDEN.



DESIGNED BY
PRINCESS ALICE,
COUNTESS OF
ATHLONE: A
WALLED-IN
TERRACE GARDEN
WITH PATHS OF
“CRAZY”
PAVEMENT,
BEDS OF BLUE
FLOWERS, AND
A CENTRAL
POOL WITH AN
ORNAMENTAL
FOUNTAIN AND
PLANTS IN VASES.



DESIGNED BY
THE QUEEN OF
THE BELGIANS:
AN ENCLOSED
“HAVEN OF
REST” A
SWARD OF
GRASS EDGED
WITH ENGLISH
VIEWS CUT INTO
BATTLEMENT
SHAPE, WITH A
HILL OF
WATER EDGED
WITH BLUE IRIS
ALONG THE
CENTRE.



DESIGNED BY
QUEEN ALEX-
ANDRA: A
SPRING WATER
GARDEN, WITH A
WATER POOL
AND A
“PETERSCHE-
CASCAD” THE
POOL SET IN A
WIDE SWEEP
OF LAWN
HAVING A
RAISED BORDER
OF ALPINE AND
ROCK PLANTS.

A charming feature of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia is the annexe laid out in eight gardens designed, severally, by the Queen of Spain, the Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of Roumania, Queen Alexandra, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Lady May Cambridge. The royal designs have been carried out by various well-known firms of nurserymen and landscape-gardeners, with delightfully picturesque results. In the Queen of Spain's garden the white walls, fountains, and tiled path combine to give it an old-world Spanish atmosphere. Queen

Elizabeth of the Belgians has obtained a wonderful effect of restfulness suggesting the convent garden of a famous picture. Queen Alexandra's garden, with its beautiful water pool, has the character of informality, conveying an impression of “careless-ordered” nature. That of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone is a clever combination of stonework and crazy pavement with flower-beds of delicate blue and flowering plants in vases. Princess Mary's garden, like Queen Alexandra's, is of aquatic type, and has a realistic waterfall amid Sussex sandstone rocks, clothed with Alpine plants and shrubs.

Cupiks and Igloos: The "Ideal Homes" of Baffin Land.

"AMONG UNKNOWN ESKIMO." By JULIAN W. BILBY.*

THE People-Who-Live-Where-Something-Shoots-up, skin-clad dwellers by a glacier blow-hole; the People-of-a-Place-which-Never-Freezes, bronzed sojourners by the unstable ice; of each and every

believes his soul to be immortal—in the shape of an inch-high man to be found in the hand of a Conjurer, or that of a new-born babe—whether it be entitled to Heaven, Purgatory, or Hell; and the witch-doctor's prior claim is obvious.

"The chief hunters are the next to be considered, and everyone else comes in the order of his estimation in the tribe."

That, too, is fitting in a community which exists by bow and arrow, trap and line, gun and knife, spear and nixie and harpoon; in a community in which the old and feeble will retire in solitude and die of starvation, rather than embarrass the strong by being *bouches inutiles*.

For the rest, ingenuity based on age-long tradition is untrammelled.

"The hunter having chosen his site, next takes a sealing spear, a long twelve-inch knife and a saw, and begins piercing the snow in every direction, his object being to find a spot where it is deep, and so closely packed and hardened by the wind that it can be cut out into great blocks for building. Otherwise his 'bricks' would be too brittle or too friable for the purpose. . . . He begins his house by

building a ring of them . . . fitted and jointed together with the utmost nicety by means of his knife. A second tier is added to this ring, the builder working from the inside and the blocks being brought up by his assistants. As soon as this is 'well and truly laid,' he trims the upper surface to a slope, and continues building, but in a spiral now and slightly sloping inwards, until he has reached the top of what has grown to be a dome roof. A key block is deftly fitted in to complete and close it, and the shell of the dwelling is complete."

The next thing is to cut a semi-circular opening in the side, for the doorway; and this is followed by the construction of the sleeping-bench of snow, and the solid snow shelves for lamps, utensils, oil, blubber, and the larder in general. Follows the *sukso*, or porch, a domed erection akin to the main *igloo*, before whose entrance it is built, a storehouse for food, sealing-lines, whips, dogs' harness, and so on, and a screen against the wind. As an entrance to this are an outer porch and a tunnel-like passage; also designed to defy the elements.

"The finishing touch is the window. Light is a necessity, but the Eskimo is scarcely particular about ventilation. The less he gets of that, the more successful his architecture seems to be. A square opening is cut high up in the dome of the *igloo*, facing the sleeping-bench. It is then glazed after the fashion of the Arctic, with a 'pane' of fresh-water ice. . . . A small hole is cut in the dome for ventilation, and a snow block provided to stop it up again when necessary.

Finally, the interior has to be glazed. Every joint and crevice in the snow masonry has been packed with loose snow, to make it wind-tight. Now comes the moment when the doorways, too, are closed and every entrance blocked. Two lamps, well trimmed and well supplied with oil, have been carefully lit and left burning inside. . . . As the lamps burn slowly away, the temperature rises and all the surface of the snow is slightly melted. As the lamps die out the temperature falls again, and the surface freezes to glass-like smoothness. Every asperity of the

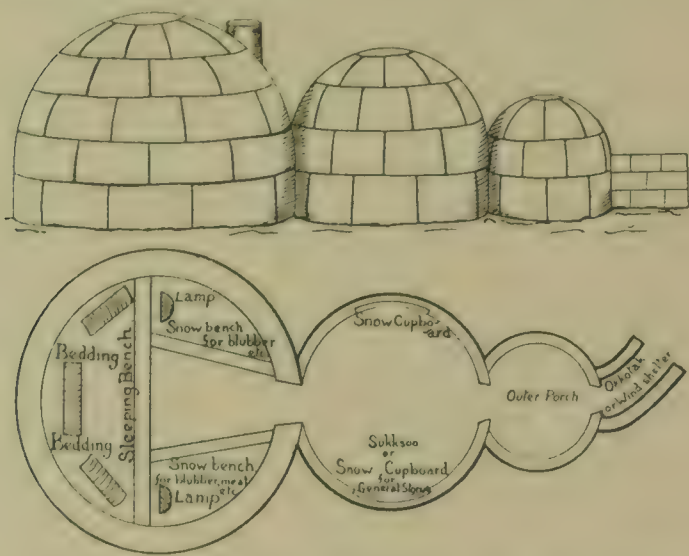
sawn blocks of snow is annealed, and the dwelling is as proof against draught as the inside of a bottle. Water, too, is thrown on the floor, to make it smooth as marble and as durable as cement. "Offices" there are none. Seemingly, a lengthy proceeding; actually, not. "An Eskimo can build an *igloo* large enough to house about six people in a few hours, given some assistance."

The furnishing is the women's work: heather spread over the sleeping-bench, and winter skins of

deer; rolled-up fur rugs as blankets, ranged round the walls; soapstone lamps; a framework upon which to dry clothes; and stone cooking-pots. And in the porch the other family belongings.

The summer "seat," necessary after the spring thaw has brought down the roof of the *igloo*, calls for less ingenuity; but is admirably suited to its purpose, for it can easily be carried from place to place. Unpacked from the heap of stones under which it has been stored, it is seen to be a tent differing wholly from the Indian wigwam. "It consists of a penthouse-shaped framework of poles, semi-circular at the back, with over-lapping strips or curtains of dressed skin for the entrance in front. The whole thing carries a covering of skins, firmly and beautifully stitched together. The back part of the tent, used as the family sleeping-place, is covered with skins of the large ground seal—*ogjuk*—or of the ordinary grey seal, with the hair left on in order to ensure some darkness during the long unbroken day of the Arctic summer. The heavy hair also serves to throw off the rain in wet weather. But the front portion of the dwelling has a roofing of the inner membranes of the sealskins, pared from the entire pelt when fresh and moist. These membranes are first stretched upon frames and dried, prior to being sewn together, when they become almost transparent, so that there is plenty of light in the rest of the tent."

The equivalent of the winter sleeping-bench of snow is a boarded-in space deep-filled with heather spread on deer-skins, and with deer-skins as blankets. As to the furnishing, it consists chiefly of soapstone "kettles" and soapstone lamps, with bags of seal-oil



BUILT TO LAST A WINTER: AN ESKIMO IGLOO—IN DIAGRAM.

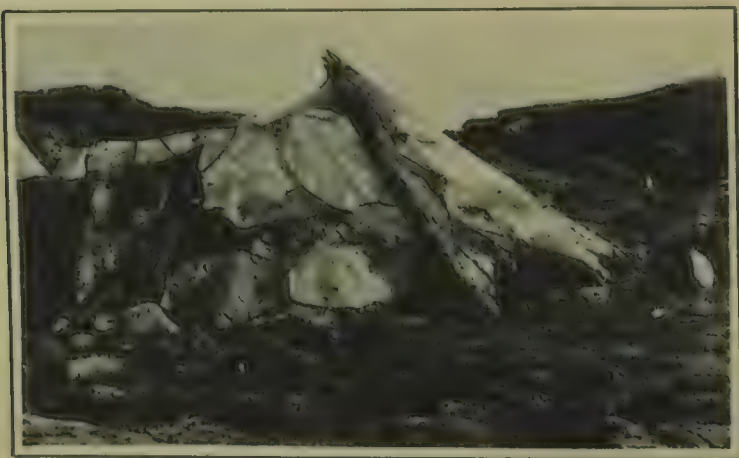
other tribe, the Eskimo of Baffin Island are in jealousy-compelling ignorance of Rent Control, Premiums, Fittings, Furniture-Must-be-Bought, and other housing ills the war-tired European's flesh is heir to. Thus, as the Lecture might have had it, was the Rev. Dr. Josiah B. Grubber, of Necropolis College, Skiddunk, able to demonstrate that the natives north of the Circle wear their hair over their ears to prevent frost-bite, and not, as the unlearned have supposed, that the listening-in apparatus may be "jammed" when the ambitious agent is busy broadcasting!

Seriously, the "raw-flesh eaters" have much for which to thank the stars they know so well. They are their own architects and contractors, landlords and tenants; each household with its portable *tupik* of sealskin for the heather and flowers of summer, and its seasonal *igloo* of snow and ice for the white wastes of winter.

Only when the tents have been getting very cold to live in do restrictions harry them: then it is that the village displaces the scattered habitations of the nomad months.

"Each man plans and builds his own house according to the size of his family; but only in his turn, and assisted by the rest of the community, to whom he has already given, or is prepared to give, his services.

"The first houses to be erected are those of the *Angakooet*, the Medicine Men." That is natural: the Conjurers have dreaded powers. Men or women apart, they are masters of magical circumlocution and imposture, and they declare that the perfectly good trance into which they can throw themselves, "ensues in the vision of a great white light (like the light thrown on a sheet by the magic-lantern), and



A SUMMER HOME OF THE ESKIMO: THE TUPIK OF SEAL-SKINS ON DRIFTWOOD—EASILY PORTABLE.

then in that illumination they see the whole scene of the supposed crime re-enacted, all the people implicated in it, and its every detail. They are told, or inspired, what penalty to inflict. On returning to consciousness, the vision is not forgotten, but sharply remembered." Add this to the knowledge that the Eskimo

*"Among Unknown Eskimo: An Account of Twelve Years' Intimate Relations with the Primitive Eskimo of Ice-bound Baffin Land; with a Description of their Ways of Living, Hunting, Customs and Beliefs." By Julian W. Bilby, F.R.G.S., Member of the Folk-Lore Society. Illustrated. (Seeley Service and Co., 21s. net.)



A WINTER HOME OF THE ESKIMO: THE IGLOO OF SNOW; WITH AN ICE WINDOW.

The window will be seen over the back "room."

All Illustrations Reproduced from "Among Unknown Eskimo"; by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley Service and Co.

for feeding fire and pellet-wicks of moss and gossypium; blubber-hammer for beating the fat of whale or seal into oil; knives and implements for dressing skins; needles; the inevitable weapons of the chase; sled and dogs' harness.

In such "Ideal Homes" the Eskimos live in the Reindeer Age. There the woman gives birth simply enough, sweeps with brush of duck's or raven's wings, cleans and cooks, pulps blubber for oil, fetches water, makes and mends, gossips, and wears her teeth to stumps chewing the edges of skins to make them pliable for sewing. There the man dwells as a hunter should—learned in the wisdom of the wild; eating the raw meat which gives the maximum of heat and strength; setting forth to chase and to snare, and returning with the kill; looking after the seal-leather-booted dogs which draw his sleds; building his kyaks and contriving his gins; trading pelts with the *Kabloonâtyet*, the strangers; measuring time only by the Sleep, the length of a day's march, and its interval of rest; much disturbed in the warm weather by malignant millions of mosquitoes, just as in the winter he is bothered in lesser degree by the scratching of the chubby lemmings burrowing beneath his *igloo*.

So much for a single phase of an absorbing book born of twelve years' intimate relations with the primitive Eskimo of ice-bound Baffin Land, a fascinating work which cannot fail to appeal, for it chronicles not only keen observation, but those vital, essential things of which the Eskimo says: "This is the narrative of one who had it from her mother, who in her turn had received it from her dead father, who had it from his forbears, for thus they were accustomed to narrate it."

E. H. G.



CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS: No. V.—"PRINCE JAMES STUART AND HIS SISTER," BY LARGILLIÈRE.

The full title of this picture, as given in the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, is as follows: "Prince James Francis Edward Stuart, Chevalier de St. George, 1688-1766; with his sister, Princess Louisa Maria Theresa Stuart, 1692-1712. Children of James II." The little Prince was the person afterwards known to history as the

Old Pretender. He was proclaimed by Louis XIV. as James III. of England in 1701, and in 1706 tried, unsuccessfully, to invade Scotland. The artist, Nicolas de Largillière (1656-1746), was a famous French portrait-painter. He visited England several times, and both Charles II. and James II. sat to him.

—ADDED TO THE PAINTING BY NICOLAS DE LARGILLIÈRE IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES.

This colour-plate forms a companion picture to those we have already issued—"The Blue Boy" by Gainsborough; "The Red Boy" (Master Lambton), by Lawrence; "A Girl with a Cat," by Perronneau; and "A Boy and Rabbit," by Rackham. Owing to the great interest taken in them by our readers, we issued them as separate plates, on art paper, ready for framing, at 2s. 6d. (post free, 3s.). The above picture can be obtained in similar form at the same price, and also the portrait of Miss Sylvia Nelis as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera," by Eleanore Fokeloue Drischdale, a colour-plate (inst. of course, in the same series) of which only a few copies are left. "The Blue Boy" and "The Red Boy" are now out of print. Any two of the others can be had as a pair for 5s. 6d. post free, or three together for 8s. post free. Copies can be obtained from our Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PIONEER FISHES.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

AS fishes had established themselves, both in fresh waters and in the sea, during the time called (in a general way) Silurian—that is to say, a great many millions of years ago—they have had time to make many experiments.

Strange Habitats. Animals are characteristically insurgent; they are always looking for a new kingdom to conquer. If they cannot get a kingdom, they will be doing with a new corner. Thus in a remarkable picture in a recent number of this paper (for Feb. 17) we saw crowds of fishes clambering up the stones of a mountain torrent. These climbers are often so flat that they are almost leaf-like, and this change of shape enables them to resist the strength of the current. We say *change* of shape because the near relatives of some of the climbers are ordinary, more or less cylindrical, fishes that live in ponds and sluggish streams. When we peer more closely into these fishes of the mountain torrents of India, we see that many parts of the body are adapted to the adventurous life. There is a great reduction of scales on the under surface, and this makes it easier for them to adhere to the smooth surface of rocks. The paired fins may also help as hold-fasts, and there are often special adhesive organs. The eyes are much smaller than usual, and are pushed towards the upper surface. Here we have a clear instance of the colonisation of difficult surroundings on the part of creatures which, to begin with, led an easy-going life in the lower reaches of the streams, or in ponds and tanks. *Toujours l'audace!*

Another strange habitat is the deep sea, for it certainly seems very inhospitable with its eternal night and eternal winter, its enormous pressure, and its plantlessness. Yet many fishes are at home there, having probably in the course of ages followed the down drift of food from the littoral or pelagic haunts. They are frequently marked by their width of gape, which points to the severity of the abyssal rationing (Fig. 2). Meals are few and far between, and when one is available the fish must make the most of it. Many of the deep-sea fishes are luminescent; the bodies and even the bones are delicately built and permeable, so that the enormous pressure is not felt; some have large goggle eyes (perhaps utilising the luminescence), others are almost or totally blind; the sense of touch, as one might expect, is often highly developed.

The Quest for Food.

Few fishes are content to be vegetarians, but there are a few. Thus the long food-canal of the Mediterranean Bogue or Box is said never to contain anything but fragments of seaweed and sea-grass. We suppose that the rudd of our British streams might also be called a vegetarian, though not a bigoted one. The fact is that most fishes that eat water-plants and seaweeds like a good deal of fleshy relish in addition. And there is an inclined plane leading to fishes like carp, which will eat anything and everything. At the lowest level are the offshore fishes that depend mainly on what may be called sea-dust—the organic debris or detritus washed out from the seaweed zone.

The carnivorous types are legion—the sharks devouring other fishes, the dog-fishes fond of octopus, the skates preying on crabs, the pike thinning the trout, and so on through a long list. But rather different from these predatory types, which feed at a high level, are those that depend upon relatively small animals which are often sifted out of the mud or

caught among the water-weed. Thus many fresh-water fishes depend upon insect-larvæ, like mayflies, and the stomach of a trout may be found with a quite homogeneous assortment of small freshwater snails.

It seems clearest to separate off from the carnivorous fishes those that feed on the minute and often microscopic organisms (the plankton) in the open water of sea and lake. For this represents a different régime, and the plankton includes minute plants as well as minute animals. These plankton-eaters are usually very palatable, such as herring and mackerel, sardine and sprat.

We see, then, even from this glimpse, that fishes have tried to solve the "bread-and-butter" problem along many different lines, and to what has been suggested we must add a few of the more extraordinary cases, which illustrate the experimental disposition. Thus of more than one kind of "javelin-fish" (*Toxotes*) in Indian streams, it is recorded that they bring down passing insects by squirting a jet of water from their mouth (Fig. 1). More satisfactorily known is the behaviour of the mud-skippers (*Periophthalmus*) of tropical shores, which hunt about

A Shelter Association.

There is a widely distributed little fish called *Fierasfer*, which occurs as far north as the West Coast of Ireland. There are several different kinds. *Fierasfer* shelters itself inside sea-cucumbers, or Holothurians (Fig. 4). It noses about, touches the hind end of the sea-cucumber with its snout, and then, with a jerk, inserts its slender tail. It then insinuates the body in a leisurely way, entering one of the two organs called "respiratory trees," from which there is a continual expiration and inspiration of water. From this branched tube the fish may pass into the body cavity, but even the rupture that this involves does not seem to trouble the sea-cucumber. The only injurious consequences that have been observed have followed the entrance of over three *Fierasfers*! The fish is no parasite; it comes and goes; it is merely a lodger, finding its own food. On the other hand, we do not know that the sea-cucumber gets any return for keeping lodgers.

The case of *Fierasfer* is more intelligible than that of *Amphiprion*, for *Fierasfer* belongs to a family of light-avoiding fishes which are given to exploring

crevices and tunnels. Moreover, *Fierasfer* is very sensitive to the state of the water; it cannot endure stagnancy. Thus it is natural that it should like the shelter of an organ like a "respiratory tree," where currents of water are always kept up. It should be noted also that *Fierasfers* are sometimes found inside large star-fishes and bivalves.

Breathing Experiments.

In ninety-nine per cent. of fishes, the oxygen mixed with the water is captured by the blood spread out on the surface of the feathery gills. This is the typical branchial respiration, and it almost invariably involves remaining in the water. Exposure to dry air is usually followed by rapid death. But this is not invariably, and when we look into exceptional cases, we find that there is some special

adjustment for keeping the gills moist when the fish is out of water.

In some fresh-water fishes, like carp, there is often a gulping of air at the surface of the aquarium, and this is passed into the gill-chamber to re-aerate the water surrounding the gills. In the so-called Climbing Perch (*Anabas scandens*), which occasionally climbs on trees and rocks, and habitually spends much of its time out of water (Fig. 3), there is, in connection with one of the gill-arches, a complicated bony labyrinth through which air gulped in by the mouth passes out into the gill-chamber. On the wall of the labyrinth there are many blood-vessels, and there is no doubt that respiration is thus effected.

Now these are *only samples* of the various ways in which fishes supplement their gills. Their variety is very suggestive. But, effective as they are, they have not been crowned with evolutionary success! The experiment that succeeded in leading on to true terrestrial life was on another line. For it was the swim-bladder that led on to the lung. We see it as an important auxiliary breathing organ in some fishes, like the Bony Pike of North America, and as a true lung in Mud-fishes. Through an ancient stock, of which the African Fringed-Fin Fishes, *Polypterus* and *Calamichthys*, are the only living representatives, the piscine swim-bladder became the amphibian lung; and that was the biggest experiment of all. The story of experiments in parental care among fishes must be reserved for some other occasion.



"ALWAYS LOOKING FOR A NEW KINGDOM TO CONQUER": ADVENTUROUS FISHES—CLIMBERS; EXPLORERS OF THE DEPTHS; PARTNERS; EXPERIMENTERS IN DIET AND BREATHING.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson to Illustrate Professor Thomson's Article.

among the rocks or on the roots of the mangrove-trees, and are able to remain for a long time out of water. (Fig. 6). They utilise their tail as an accessory breathing organ, and their pectoral fins are muscular enough to be used as little legs. The fish seems as comfortable out of water as in it, and it is a particularly good example of what we venture to call pioneering. It has conquered the shore.

A Peculiar Partnership.

On the shores of the Torres Straits and the Andaman Islands there are large sea-anemones, sometimes two feet in diameter, which afford house-room to a dainty little fish called *Amphiprion*. The fish, only an inch and a half long, is a bit of a dandy. In his delightful book, "My Tropic Isle," Mr. E. J. Banfield describes the creature as "resplendent in carmine, with a broad collar and waistband of silvery lavender (or rather, silver shot with lavender) and outlined with purple." On the least alarm the fish "retires within the many folds of its host, presently to peep out again shyly at the intruder. Various sea-anemones are quick to seize and devour small fishes, but this sea-anemone does not hurt *Amphiprion* (Fig. 5). It has been suggested that the fish may help its host by acting as a sort of decoy: it attracts attention, seeks safety in time, and leaves its pursuers in the toils of the sea-anemone's paralyzing tentacles. But the fact is that we do not know what the association means. Mr. Banfield says that the "painted fish" soon dies if removed from its partner.

ONE BAND FOR SIX AUDIENCES: TELEPHONIC SOUND-DISTRIBUTION.

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, BY COURTESY OF THE WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.



THE SINGLE SOURCE OF MUSIC HEARD IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF OLYMPIA: THE BAND WITH A MICROPHONE SUSPENDED NEAR, AND A "BOUQUET" OF TRUMPETS PROJECTING MUSIC INTO THE MAIN HALL.



THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM: A MICROPHONE, SENSITIVE TO SOUNDS AT SEVERAL YARDS' RANGE.



SHOWING HOW ONE BAND'S MUSIC IS DISTRIBUTED TO VARIOUS SECTIONS OF A GREAT EXHIBITION: A DIAGRAM OF THE SYSTEM OF LOUD-SPEAKING TELEPHONY USED AT OLYMPIA—(INSET) THE CENTRAL CONTROL PANEL FITTED WITH THERMIONIC VALVES AND CONNECTED BY ELECTRIC WIRES TO THE SEVERAL TRUMPETS.

Almost as wonderful as the wireless concert illustrated on the opposite page is the system used in the Ideal Home Exhibition for distributing the music of a single band to a number of different halls and sections of the great building and its surroundings, as shown in the above diagram and photographs. Thus the sound of this one band is heard not only in the Main Hall, in whose gallery the musicians are located, but also simultaneously in the New Hall, the Pillar Hall, the Box Office, the royal gardens, and outside in the street. One band thus does duty for six. The method adopted is that of wired telephony, and should not be

confused with wireless. A Western Electric microphone, which forms the heart of the system, is suspended near the orchestra. It is sensitive to sound at a range of several yards, and it conveys the electric modulations to the central control panel, which is fitted with thermionic valves for intensifying the current. From the panel electric wires convey the current to loud-speaking projectors (or trumpets) in the different parts of the exhibition mentioned above. Some of these projectors are artistically "camouflaged" in bouquets suspended from the roof, as shown in the top left-hand illustration.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE VOICE OF THE GOLDEN TRUMPETS: WIRELESS MUSIC AT OLYMPIA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



WIRELESS MUSIC AS A FEATURE OF THE IDEAL HOME: A LARGE AUDIENCE HELD ENTHRALLED
AT A DEMONSTRATION CONCERT IN THE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

Visitors to the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia have had an unusual opportunity of appreciating the possibilities of wireless music. Free accommodation for about a thousand "listeners-in" is provided in the Minor Hall of the Main Hall Gallery, where they enjoy excellent programmes issued from the London Station of the British Broadcasting Co., Ltd., which has arranged the concerts for the National Association of Radio Manufacturers. The magic sound comes through a pair of golden trumpets, as shown in our illustration, protruding

through curtains at the end of the hall. The audience hears the voice of the announcer, giving the title of each item, and a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music. As a rule, wireless music is broadcast only in the evening, but during the period of the Exhibition, which continues until March 24, morning and afternoon performances are also given. These concerts make their hearers realise the wonderful new medium for enjoying music which wireless science has brought within the reach of every home.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the new books, two, very different in purpose and in kind, have yet a good deal to say to each other, and to read them consecutively has been one of those happy accidents that make even reviewing an adventure. One is "THE COMING RENAISSANCE," a series of essays by various hands, edited by Sir James Marchant (Kegan Paul; 12s. 6d.); the other, a brief but pregnant supplement to the biography of the historian of the Italian Renaissance, is "LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS," collected and edited by Horatio F. Brown (Murray; 12s.).

"The Coming Renaissance" gives more definite shape to an idea nebulously expressed by the optimistic politician who held out hopes of a new world after the war. That prophecy has much to answer for in the way of vague thinking. It is, perhaps, still more unfortunate that the word "Renaissance" should be bandied about in this connection, for it may have given rise to an impression that we are on the eve of an intellectual and literary revival analogous to that of the fourteenth century, although, on a grander scale. Its scope, if it comes, is certain to be far wider, but its general aspect must be entirely different.

If anything could make one sceptical about a coming Renaissance, it would be this formal and rather confident announcement of an approaching period; for it is not likely that we should be conscious of it in advance. Great epochs have declared themselves only in after-ages to the historian, who has seen all the tendencies in perspective, and given them a collective name. "The Renaissance," in its accepted sense, is a case in point. Writing to Mr. H. F. Brown in 1885, J. A. Symonds says of his "Encyclopædia Britannica" article: "It is the first article (I believe) under the heading 'Renaissance' that the 'Encyclopædia Brit.' has yet printed. The period of history has only been defined during the last twenty-five years, and its importance recognised. Hegel, for example, skips it almost dry-shod in his 'Philosophy of History,' passing with no transition from the Middle Ages to the German Reformation, ignoring the part played by Italy in modern culture." And, similarly, the new Renaissance, whatever form it may take, will have to wait as long as the Italian movement for its recognition.

There is considerable justice, therefore, in Dean Inge's cautious attitude towards this book on "The Coming Renaissance," to which he writes an Introduction. He will not join the essayists in predicting a new Renaissance. "The conditions of such a movement are very obscure; the Spirit bloweth where it listeth and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. I should rather expect a slow convalescence in the West and Centre of Europe, and in the East a relapse into barbarism, for in that part of the world civilisation seems to have been not only mown down, but uprooted. But," continues the Dean, "I have no wish to prophesy. If the 'new Renaissance' comes, it will be very welcome."

And so say all of us; so welcome, indeed, to a world in perplexity, that any probable unhistorian-like rashness on the part of the optimistic seers is likely to be condoned for the interest and attractiveness of their general view, even if it should not have the authenticity of a Pishah-vision. The Promised Land itself may—must—be very different from anything we can forecast to-day, but it may be possible at least to trace some of the roads leading thither. The surest, perhaps, and the firmest, is that of Science, of which the "Upward Reach" is discussed by Professor Patrick Geddes, and its relation to the race by Professor J. Arthur Thomson in his essay, "Towards Racial Renaissance." Here, at least, is something practical to support the speculative. "There must be great uplifts of the spirit," Mr. Thomson admits,

"but there must also be attention to drainage. It is only by a scientific control of life all along the line that mankind will be set free for higher adventures."

To find hope thus in science is not to sell oneself to the Mephistopheles of "stinks," as some fervent humanists might make haste to allege. For Mr. Patrick Geddes pleads for patient labour in the unification of all the sciences of "Conduct, Life and Activity," and Mr. Thomson, in using the phrase "scientific control of life," implies the ethical as well as the physical. Here Symonds, a humanist first and foremost, has an illuminating word. In a letter to Henry Sidgwick (December 1873) he wrote—

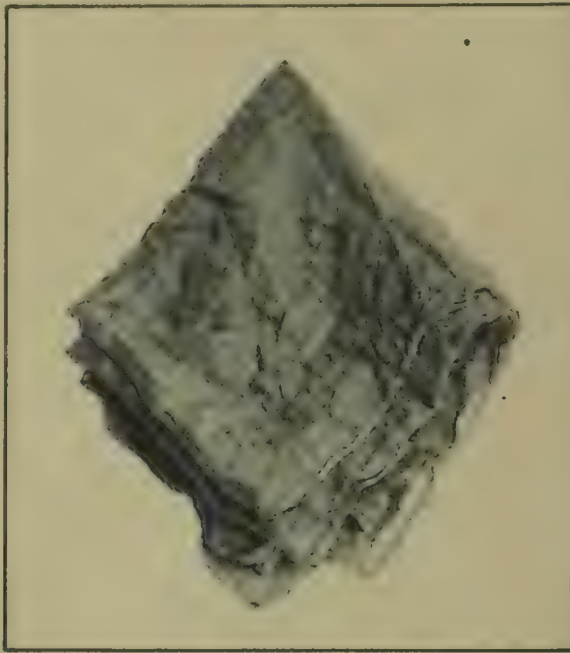
My meditations of late . . . make me believe that on the method of Ethics will depend the future of the human race. One such discovery as Newton's law of gravitation

religion. The subject is discussed by the Bishops of Lichfield and Truro, Professor Adams Brown, Dr. Carlile, Dr. Shakespeare and Canon Lacey. They forecast the disappearance of dogma and form, and see the Church of the future as a "great movement of organised goodness for social redemption." With these views it is most interesting to compare yet another passage from Symonds' letters to Sidgwick. The date is January 1869. "Jowett," he writes, "had much to say . . . about . . . the future of religious feeling and opinion in England. He complains bitterly of the 'flabbiness' of our present religious consciousness, and rejects my facile belief that the civilised world must, in its present highly intellectualised scientific condition, advance, after a needful period of putrid softening, towards a new synthesis. His firm conviction of the possibility of continuing for centuries in a slough of lightly worn and morally obstructive dogmas, prejudices, permanent attitudes of traditional acceptance, startled and appalled me. I have grown to believe myself in the centre of a transformation scene, and to expect that ere long (I do not much care if I reckon by decades or by centuries) the scenery and figures will be fixed for a new action."

It is as some account of "a transformation scene," in so far as that can be apprehended by those who believe themselves in the centre of it, that the chief value of "The Coming Renaissance" lies. But it is hardly in human probability that the Rebirth or Renewal (supposing it a certainty) will take even its apparent course and form. Those at the centre (or the edge) of the present transformation scene can no more hope to forecast its ultimate developments than the Emperor Frederick II., or St. Francis, undoubted precursors of the Italian Renaissance, could have foreseen that epoch.

In the opening essay of the volume, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman plays something of the rôle of Marius at Carthage. "To-day," he says, "we are living amongst ruins. Many hard things have been said about the old world now seeming so far away as to be scarcely remembered. I must confess I prefer it to the new." It is not Mr. Masterman's business to forecast, but to record: his function is "to describe the process of Dissolution, to point out to those who still believe that the old world can be reconstructed again, by the mere process of cementing together their shattered dwellings and palaces, that they are living in a land of dreams." His hope of a New Renaissance resolves itself into a series of questions. Can mankind be persuaded into a fundamental abhorrence of war? Can a fresh start be made with the new generation . . . or will the old inject the young with their own cynicism and despair? Will the wealthy make such sacrifices as will bridge the gulf between rich and poor?

A picture of the old world, in a very gracious aspect, rises from Symonds' "Letters and Papers." The leisured culture of the later Victorian period, from 1865 to 1893, appears at its very best, although Symonds' health separated him to a great extent from the society of his intellectual compeers. There is a memorable account of an after-dinner conversation at Woolner's between Gladstone, Tennyson, Holman Hunt, Palgrave, and the elder and younger J. A. Symonds: "Gladstone full of facts, Tennyson relying on impression; both of them humorous, but the one polished and delicate in repartee, the other broad and coarse and grotesque." The glimpse of these old Victorians all at play, and such play, ought to disarm the most mordant Georgian critics. This book makes the friendship of those two courageously industrious invalids, Symonds and Stevenson, more intelligible than ever.



A GIFT FROM THE DOOMED QUEEN TO GILLIES MOWBRAY: MARY'S SILK HANDKERCHIEF.



KEPT IN ONE FAMILY SINCE 1646: THE RÉTICULE GIVEN BY QUEEN MARY TO GILLIES MOWBRAY.



RELIQS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A CASKET CONTAINING HER RÉTICULE AND SILK HANDKERCHIEF, GIVEN TO A LADY-IN-WAITING SHORTLY BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

Personal relics of Mary Queen of Scots, of great historical interest, are to be offered for sale by auction towards the end of this month, by Mr. W. E. Hurcomb, at Calder House, Piccadilly, where they are now on view. The articles here illustrated, along with two pendants, a gold necklace, a silver medallion, and a tortoiseshell fan, were given by Mary, shortly before her execution, to one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, Gillies, daughter of Sir John Mowbray. Gillies Mowbray left them to her granddaughter, Mary Gray, who married John Clerk, and it is their descendant, Sir George J. Clerk of Penicuik, for whom they are to be sold. Two other relics, a pendant and a gold watch, given by the Queen to one of her French attendants, are also in the sale, on behalf of Major Fraser-Tytler, to whom they have descended.

in the field of morals would advance us aeons forward in all that concerns spiritual life. We beat about the bush so long because we have not found the scientific starting point in Ethics. This is what I meant when I said in my Greek book ["The Greek Poets"] that science was to be our Deliverer.

A large portion of "The Coming Renaissance" is concerned with the question of a Renaissance in

SHOULD DIVORCE CASES BE TRIED IN PRIVATE?

FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



**"PANDERING TO AN APPETITE FOR MORAL GARBAGE AND TENDING TO FOSTER FALSE IDEAS OF MARRIAGE":
THE DANGEROUS PUBLICITY OF THE DIVORCE COURT AND ITS UNHEALTHY ATTRACTION FOR YOUNG WOMEN.**

The "Morning Post" recently entered a powerful plea for privacy in the Divorce Court, pointing out that when divorce was instituted there were no newspapers, and consequently no reports, and that "publicity is an added indignity neither prescribed by law nor justified by equity." Gloating over such reports must have a bad effect on the public mind, and tend to form the false idea that marriage is a mistake, whereas with the vast majority of couples it is a success. Private litigants, it was suggested, should have an option of privacy where no

public interest is at stake. A deputation of M.P.'s lately waited on the Lord Chancellor with a view to divorce cases being held in private, as in France, where only the results are published. The unhealthy attraction of the Divorce Court, especially for young women, has been again shown in a recent *cause célèbre*. Conjugal matters naturally interest women, and reality is more alluring than fiction, and cheaper; but the entertainment is demoralising, and causes infinite distress to those concerned in the case.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

OUR QUEEN has the welfare of women closely at heart, and gives many instances of her care and thought. The long visit paid by her Majesty to the Ex-Service Women's Club, 5, Buckingham Gate, was one of these. The Queen went all over the house, into the kitchens and scullery, and finally had tea in the members' room. All sorts of practical questions were asked by the royal visitor, who seemed particularly pleased to hear of the usefulness of the benevolent fund. The Queen signed a membership card of the club. Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan showed the royal lady over the premises, and the arrangements for the visit were thoroughly well organised and carried out. The club is a great boon to ex-Service girls living in the neighbourhood, for there are cubicles, dormitories, and single rooms. Meals—plain, well cooked, and excellent—are attainable at small cost, so small that one is filled with wonder as to how it can be done; and there is a big double room for entertainments. The subscription is 6s. 6d. a year for members; a little more for officer members. The comfort to workers of being able to have a good meal quickly will be understood by those of us who have sat for twenty minutes or half an hour in a restaurant before a smart lady in cap and apron condescends your way; another wait before the desired meal makes its appearance; and then the longest wait of all, to get the mysterious little document by means of which alone payment can be made. If one has an hour for lunch, it is all very well to spend three-quarters of it waiting. There are those who have only twenty minutes, and waits are not for them.

We are to have many balls in aid of good causes this coming season. That at Lansdowne House on the evening of the Duke of York's wedding day will command special sympathy. This because it is for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses, the pioneer organisation for having the sick poor looked after in their own homes, which has proved of inestimable benefit in

spreading an elementary knowledge of hygiene. Also because that Queen of Hearts, with a heart of very much more value than gold, Alexandra, mother of our King, is immensely interested in its success. Again, because there is sure to be a brilliant assemblage, and the desire to swell brilliant assemblages by joining them is inherent in the Londoner's breast; and long may it reign there, for it is the best asset of all good causes!

On Wednesday in next week, the 21st inst., there will be an auction of great interest; and of pathetic interest too. It will be of the furniture and effects of the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and of Lady Wilson, C.B.E., his widow. It will take place in 36, Eaton Place, house of tragic memory. Lady Wilson is going to reside at what was her week-end cottage at Bagshot, and is therefore dispersing a collection of beautiful old Irish furniture, and old English furniture too; of fine old glass and china, pictures and prints, made during a happy married life of over thirty years. There are fine specimens of cut-glass, and remarkably fine old sideboards, dining-tables and chairs, and escritoirs. So numerous are the admirers and friends of the late Sir Henry, a specially strong and far-seeing soldier-statesman, that there will be a desire to possess mementoes of him as well as to show sympathy with his pensionless widow. Lady Wilson has given much of his silver to close personal friends; his writing-table and chair, maps, and medal ribbons to the Staff College, where they will be placed in the Wilson Library; and she has also made gifts to the United Services and London Museums. There is a large house full of fine furniture and beautiful things which will be dispersed by the auction on the 21st. Unlike Lord Roberts, who hated felines, Sir Henry had a devoted attendant in the shape of a fine big black cat, which has been so long domiciled at 36, Eaton Place that some doubt is entertained if he will settle down at Bagshot. Certainly puss will not be sold by auction—he is much too precious.

Real good music does seem to be coming into its own again. It would be difficult to have misread the signs of real pleasure in the audience of the concert at 10, Downing Street, lent by the Prime Minister, to help that splendid hospital for children, the Queen's, in Hackney Road. It was a distinguished audience too, including their Graces of Somerset and Buckingham, Albertha Marchioness of Blandford, the Dowager Countess Granville, Lady

Ermytrude Malet, Lady Elspeth Campbell, and many more of light and leading, all of whom very evidently entranced by the beautiful music provided. The white-and-gold double drawing-room looked very fresh and nice with great clusters of yellow-gold spring flowers in it. The artists were faced by a wonderful portrait of the late W. E. Gladstone, whose eagle eyes looked almost uncannily piercing and alive.

No. 11, Downing Street is charming under its new châtelaine, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin. The colourings for her drawing-room are a beautiful soft dull blue and ivory. Her first reception was held there on a day that was dismally wet outside, and bright and attractive within. Mrs. Baldwin is a clever hostess, welcoming every guest in just the right and nicest way. The American Ambassador was there, and the wife of the Danish Minister. The Ambassador is very genial, and smiles benignly behind his big tortoiseshell-framed glasses. Lady Kysant, looking very like Lady (Owen) Philipps, was also a guest, all in black. Mrs. Michael Peto, tall and handsome, talked with Lady Worthington Evans, equally tall and all in black. One wonders if Lent accounts for the present prevalence of the sable hue in unrelieved sombreness.

Countess Cadogan proved herself quite a pretty speaker at a tea-party meeting, presided over by herself and Lord Cadogan, at Claridge's in the interest of the British Olympic Association. She welcomed the guests charmingly, and put it to them plainly that British men and British women should take a pride in having their country adequately represented at international Olympian Games. Lord Cadogan said that the King had graciously given his name as President; while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry were patrons, and all had subscribed. The next Olympian meeting will be in Paris next year, and Lord Cadogan advised everyone to go and experience personally the thrills of international athletic competitions. Lady Cadogan looked not only handsome but charming in black chiffon velvet.

A. E. L.



Practical and charming are the knitted suits and dress which Jay's, Regent Street, have contributed to this page. Navy-blue silk makes the frock on the left; while the three attractive suits are of silk and wool. (See page 440.)

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 21.*"The Everlasting Club."*

SOMETIME during the Civil Wars—the exact date is in doubt—was started a Club with the proud title of "The Everlasting Club" and the hundred members that were supposed to represent its complement treated all other clubs with an eye of contempt, in later years looking on even the "Kit Cat" as an upstart. It may not have fully deserved its title but it certainly did last until well into the eighteenth century.

They had many distinctive customs, these proud hundred, the most notable being the tradition that the Club must never be empty, and to secure this end they divided the twenty-four hours between them on a rota principle, the member on duty never presuming to leave the great elbow chair until his successor was ready to fill it. So strict was this rule that even at the time of the Great Fire, when the building was in imminent danger, the "Steward" would not leave his chair except after repeated orders from his fellows and then only after he had emptied the bottles upon the table, in spite of the fact that the adjoining building was in flames and that smoke had long been creeping into the room.

Allied with this custom was that of maintaining a perpetual fire in the grate, summer and winter, and we are told that "they have an old woman in the nature of a vestal" for this purpose.

And if the Club cherished its customs to such a stern degree, we may be sure that they cherished also an appreciation for the *original* Haig Whisky, for even at the time of the Great Fire, John Haig Whisky was known and respected in discriminating circles everywhere.



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Fashions and Fancies.

A Notable Display.

Beautiful and unusual colour effects were the keynote of the success which attended Harrods' display of spring fashions. Almond-green and desert-brown—a deep, dull tone of nut-brown—are among the most favoured shades this season, and they were each represented by a number of lovely dresses. Live parrots of gorgeous plumage were perched on gold-painted stands set in banks of daffodils, and these gaily coloured birds formed a decidedly decorative feature in the long salons. A particularly interesting feature of the parade was the appearance of the rival brides, one of whom wore the conventional white wedding gown charmingly expressed in crêpe romain ornamented with diamanté beadwork. The draped skirt fell back on either side to show an underskirt studded with silver cabochons; and the little bridesmaids were dressed in delightful frocks of almond-green organdie over silver tissue. The second bridal dress struck an entirely new note, for it was fashioned of molten gold tissue, accompanied by a long gold net lace veil.

The Bolero-Coat. Short coatees of original design presented an infinite variety, and were worn over skirts which occasionally showed some resemblance in colour or material, but were more often in complete contrast. One effective little coat of rose printed chintz velvet was allied to a tight-fitting draped frock of black satin embossed with a self-toned check design; and yet another was of scarlet duvetyn, and appeared with a white faced-cloth skirt sewn with intersecting lines of black moiré ribbon in the form of a wide check. The coatee was particularly worthy of notice, as it was in the form of the short, sleeveless bolero which is to play an important part in the spring fashions.

Well-Cut Woven Suits.

It is a recognised fact that all garments which hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, are well cut, and this is especially noticeable in regard to the knitted wear for which they are responsible. The illustration on this page gives some idea of the charm of their three-piece



A fashionable saxe-blue artificial silk dress with a cape to match. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, have used gold silk for the decorative patterns on sleeves and hem.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

woven suits. Saxe-blue artificial silk is the medium chosen in this instance, and a contrasting colour effect is produced by Egyptian designs in old-gold silk on the bodice and sleeves of the dress, and on the collar and hem of the cape. The suit may be obtained in other colours, and there is a wide range of jumpers to be had in every imaginable shade. One attractive hand-knitted model in crêpe artificial silk is priced at 5½ guineas; while a ribbed wool cross-over jumper, tying on the left hip, costs 73s. 6d., and is especially designed for full figures—an important point to remember, for as a rule jumpers are not planned to answer the requirements of the heavily built woman. A novel flecked woollen suit giving the effect of a Donegal tweed can be acquired for 5½ guineas.

Silk and Wool Wear.

Fine silver wire interwoven with silk is one of the latest ideas for the decoration of knitted suits and dresses, and Jay's, Regent Street, have utilised it in the fashionable dress depicted on page 438. It is carried out in navy-blue, and boasts a small cape at the back, which is edged with an intricate design in silver-wire thread. This occurs again on the cuffs and hem, and the price is 14 guineas. A broché silk pattern on a wool foundation appears on the coat of the honey-coloured knitted suit on the right. The revers and cuffs are faced with silk, and 12 guineas is the price if the skirt is to be of wool with lines of silk braid, or 12½ guineas for the same coat with a silk skirt. Every golfer will appreciate the practical qualities of the plain knitted suit with ribbed gauntlet cuffs, collar, and panels, which is sketched in the background. It may be had in a wide variety of colours for 9 guineas, while 10 guineas is the sum required for the other suit, of fine artificial silk and thick wool—an alliance which results in an attractive uneven stitch. Fringes of looped wool and silk are used for the decoration.

An Explanation. In the issue of *The Illustrated London News* dated Feb. 24 appeared an editorial notice of Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, in which a leather coatee was priced at 12 guineas. It was stated that the same coat could also be had in suède, with a hat to match priced at 2 guineas. This second price, of course, refers to the hat only.

E. A. R.

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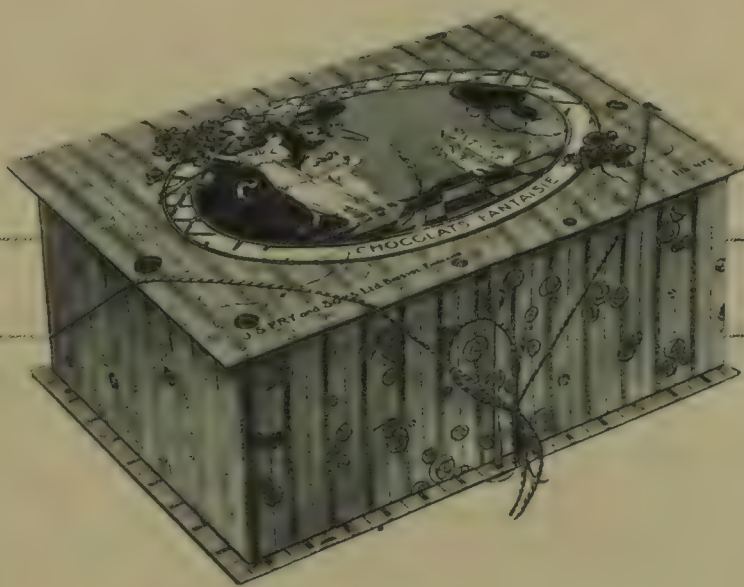
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MODERN QUARTETS—GERMAN AND ENGLISH.

THE Contemporary Music Centre of the British Music Society brought forward last week a quartet by Paul Hindemith, who is regarded in Germany as the most remarkable of all the younger generation of composers in that country. This was, I believe, the first performance of any work of his in England—certainly the first performance in England of this particular quartet. The Contemporary Music Centre has now become the British national section of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and it is of interest to note that national sections in other countries have by no means neglected the works of English composers. Last December, Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted a concert of English music for the German section in Berlin, and made a great impression there with a programme which included Holst's "Planets," Lord Berners' "Fantaisie L'opéra," and his own "Eternal Rhythm." Mr. Goossens' violin sonata has been played at Leipzig,

neither Jew nor Slav, but a German from the Rhineland. He is about thirty years of age, and leads the orchestra of the Frankfurt Opera, besides playing viola in the Amar-Hindemith quartet—a group who have specialised in the interpretation of ultra-modern chamber music. Hindemith is one of those musicians who are players by nature; he seems to have been born with a fiddle under his chin. He has had to earn a living by playing since he was a child; he has played in jazz bands, cinemas, and theatres, and one wonders that he has ever found time for composition. Yet he has a good deal to his credit, including three one-act operas as well as a quantity of chamber music. The Quartet in C major is a strenuous piece of work which taxed severely the powers of the Mandeville String Quartet, who played it last week, although they had had at least twenty rehearsals of it. What always strikes one at once in any work of Hindemith's is its enormous vitality. He has undoubtedly a great creative force—almost too much, indeed, for those who prefer chamber music to be intimate and reserved in style. He makes the four instruments work hard the whole time; it requires great physical energy to play his music, and considerable mental energy to listen to it. An accomplished player himself, he expects a high standard of technique from his interpreters, and a high standard of intelligence as well.

An English quartet was played at the same concert, and it afforded an interesting contrast. It was a new work by a hitherto unknown composer, H. E. Randerson, who has been a pupil of Mr. John Ireland. Mr. Randerson has not had the practice and experience of Hindemith; the work was his first quartet, and, I believe, his first work on a large scale. Yet it was decidedly original in style, and showed that the composer knew quite definitely what he wanted to

say. It was not the work of a professional violinist, but it was a well-written quartet, for all that. The German quartet and the English one illustrated two very different points of view. Between them came



NOW UNDER STATE PROTECTION AS AN "ANCIENT MONUMENT": DEVORGILLA'S BRIDGE AT DUMFRIES, DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

This historic bridge, built by Lady Devorgilla about 1275, has just been classified as an ancient monument, and as such placed under the care of the State.

Photograph by J. H. Copland.



FOR THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S: MR. REID DICK, THE SCULPTOR, PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS RECLINANT STATUE OF THE GREAT SOLDIER.

Photograph supplied by Harris's Picture Agency.

and Mr. Holst's songs with violin soli have been given at a concert of the Société Nationale in Paris.

Paul Hindemith is one of the few "German" composers who are of pure German blood. He is

and experience of Hindemith; the work was his first quartet, and, I believe, his first work on a large scale. Yet it was decidedly original in style, and showed that the composer knew quite definitely what he wanted to

a pianoforte quintet by Arthur Hinton, which, if one did not know that the Contemporary Music Centre limits its programmes to works composed during the last fifteen years, one would have supposed to belong to quite Victorian days. It was accomplished in its way, but very conventional; the players evidently found it quite easy, for it said nothing to which anybody could be unaccustomed. Indeed, it was much more German, of its period, than English in style; it belonged to the period when English composers did their best to imitate Schumann and Brahms. The last fifteen years have changed our outlook a good deal. The young English people are trying to find a style of their own, and the young Germans have left Brahms a long way behind.

German critics often find English music "primitive" in style, because it tends still to preserve a sense of key and to avoid chromatics. It is "primitive," too, because it avoids florid instrumental passages. A good many of our best composers are but indifferent performers on any instrument, and they have a horror of showy execution. Not that Hindemith's music is showy or florid in a bad sense; (Continued overleaf.)

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An Appeal

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, oldest of all the schools devoted to musical education in this country, has been compelled to issue a public appeal for funds. Hitherto the Academy has been largely supported by private subscriptions and donations; throughout a century of activity the nation at large has never been asked for help. But the growing interest in native music, and the constant increase in the numbers of those who seek admission to the Academy, have made the provision of a small theatre, wherein British Opera may be adequately studied and performed, a matter of urgent necessity.

The Academy itself and its patrons have subscribed to the full extent of their resources, but a balance still remains outstanding for which your contributions are asked. This balance amounts to £19,000. No doubt the calls upon your generosity are many. Yet the just claims of British music, so long neglected by the world, cannot now be denied. There is a patriotism in Art, and I am confident that no one who loves music—and who does not?—will refuse the slight self-sacrifice that may be the price of his help.

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but difficult technical passages are all in the day's work for him—it would never occur to him that there was anything unusual about them. But Germany has for long suffered from a surfeit of music, and those who feel it the most painfully are the professional musicians who spend their lives playing it. There is so much traffic in this musical world that the young composers are obliged to be violent in expression in order to get a hearing at all. The difference between German and English music at the present day is the difference that there is between pictures painted to make their effect in a crowded exhibition gallery, and pictures painted for the decoration of private houses. Hindemith's quartet is written for a big concert-room; Mr. Randerson seems to have conceived his for an intimate circle. This criticism does not apply to all modern German chamber music: Schönberg and his pupils write for a circle so intimate that it can hardly include anyone except themselves. The strength of Hindemith lies in his breadth of phrase and the boldness of his dissonances; strength and energy are the characteristic virtues of almost everything he has written. But he is not without tenderness and poignancy of feeling; there was something wonderfully moving about his song-cycle, "Die junge Magd," which was brought out at Donaueschingen last summer. It is a work which ought certainly to be heard in England. What an Englishman misses in such music is grace and elegance—qualities which our traditional Latin education has taught us to admire; but for all his want of grace and elegance, Hindemith has real sensitiveness.

Mr. Randerson's quartet was very English in its reserve. It suggested the conversation of four people who speak in the shortest possible sentences and use the shortest possible words. Yet it was not like the music of César Franck and some other French composers whose phrases are never more than two bars long, presenting at times the regularity of a brick wall. Mr. Randerson's phrases, if one could call them phrases,

are often two notes only, sometimes one. Turn to any great English poet, and you will find that his best poetry is written, for the most part, in words of one syllable; it is the peculiar genius of our language. This laconic style made Mr. Randerson's quartet somewhat difficult of access; but it certainly gave it a very in-



SKATING TO MUSIC FROM AN INVISIBLE ORCHESTRA: A BROADCAST "DANCE" ON THE ICE.

With the aid of a radio receiving-set on a sledge fitted with a frame aerial, skaters on the frozen Lake Beebe, New York, obtain additional pleasure derived from music transmitted from a local broadcasting station.

Photograph by Topical.

dividual character, and I shall look forward with interest to his future productions. EDWARD J. DENT.

"Willing's Press Guide" for 1923 (Willing, Ltd.; 2s. 6d.) is the jubilee issue of that very useful publication, which has now existed for fifty years. It contains, as usual, a full and concise index to the Press of this country, a list of telegraphic news and reporting agencies, lists of the principal colonial and foreign journals, and a variety of general information. It is admirably arranged, and easy of reference.

OUR COLOUR-SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this number we include, as a special supplement, a beautiful colour-plate which forms an addition to the series of "Children by the Old Masters." The subject is a charming group, by the famous French painter, Nicolas de Largillière, of the children of James II.—Prince James Francis Edward Stuart (afterwards known as the Old Pretender), and his sister, Princess Louisa Maria Theresa Stuart, standing with two pet dogs in a garden. The picture is not only of high artistic quality, but of great historical interest, both as a portrait-study and as a record of children's dress of the period. The previous colour-plates issued in the same series, it may be recalled, were "The Blue Boy," by Gainsborough; "The Red Boy" (Master Lambton), by Lawrence; "A Girl with a Cat," by Perronneau; and "A Boy and Rabbit," by Raeburn. We should like to draw the attention of our readers to the terms (quoted at the foot of the plate) on which they can obtain, for framing purposes, separate copies of this and the last two pictures named, as well as of Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's colour-portrait of Miss Sylvia Nelis as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera."

Everyone connected with political or legal matters will have welcomed the appearance of "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" for 1923 (Dean and Son), the fifty-seventh annual edition. After a General Election and a change of Government, the volume is more than ever indispensable, giving, as it does, particulars of all the new Members and the constituencies, with much other fresh information. An interesting feature is the list of Ministers and representatives of the Irish Free State and of Northern Ireland. Biographical lists of Peers and Peeresses, Judges, Records, and Magistrates, combine to make the book a complete guide to Parliament and the Law.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FLEA FROM THE PALACE ROOF.

ONLY a few of us, surely, can truthfully say that they find nothing of interest—save, perhaps, its architecture—in a palace. If it is an old palace, a mere shell of vanished splendours, that interest will almost certainly beget a twinge of mental pain, even amid the thrill which comes of conjuring up the likeness of the men and women who peopled it. From the scullions to the Prince, we love to picture them as they "lived and moved and had their being" among its many courts and corridors and mullion-windowed chambers. And we love, too, to picture it in its days of revelry and courtly ceremonial. They who made this palace live may have lain in the grave long centuries. The palace, no less certainly, though at a more leisurely pace perhaps, inevitably nears its dissolution, though we who have entered into their heritage may do much to put off the evil day.

The palace I have in mind to-day is that of Hampton Court. Though its pulses now beat but feebly, and though it has suffered at the hands of Time and the caprice of one or two of its royal owners, it is yet to be certified "A 1." This happy condition, however, will be sustained only so long as its framework is kept under perpetual surveillance and repair.

Quite recently it was discovered that a small wood-boring beetle (*Xestobium*) was damaging the trusses of the Great Hall. Measures were at once taken to destroy this insect, and the timbers will be closely watched for some time to make sure that the work of destruction was effective. We make periodic searches in the cellars of the Houses of Parliament for the "spiritual descendants" of Guy Fawkes, for form's sake; but the periodic search for *Xestobium* is no mere formality. On the contrary, it has to be carried out with great thoroughness. And

it is to this practice that we owe the discovery of a train of events which makes the very curious and surprising story now to be related.

Briefly, Sir Frank Baines, of H.M. Office of Works, in his search for beetles, came across a number of small, rounded, hard bodies as the result of the exploration of a mouse-hole. Being puzzled as to the

Brown and discoloured, it was impossible to say how long they had lain in concealment. On none of them was there any trace of the calyx of the flower, or of the "flesh" that had covered them and for the sake of which they had been originally eaten. I say "originally" eaten, with a purpose. For this collection of stones represented the winter store,

possibly, of a field-mouse. They were carried hither for the sake of the luscious kernel, to obtain which each stone had had one end gnawed away. One or two of these stones, when they came to be minutely examined, showed upon the surface small fragments of insect remains, and in one case two fragments of flint were embedded. These were sure signs and tokens that they had come from the stomach of some kind of thrush, possibly a blackbird, which had eaten them when they were luscious red berries, for the sake of their "flesh." In the grinding up to which they were subjected within the gizzard, the fragments of flint which formed part of the collection of "gizzard-stones" (used by birds for digestive purposes) were forced into the walls of the shell; while the insect remains found adherent to the stone formed part of the excrement voided with these stones. From this excrement they were picked by the mouse and borne off for the sake of the toothsome kernels enclosed within the stony walls of the shell. Field-mice are particularly fond of gleaning from this source.

Most of these stones were empty; but one was not, and it was suspected that it would be found to contain the larva of the

"Apple-seed Chalcid," which more than once has been bred from hawthorn seeds known to have passed through blackbirds. So a needle was inserted into the cup-shaped mouth of the stone and its contents expelled. But out of the hole came no chalcid, but—a flea!

Here was a new phase of the story. For this was a bird's flea, and, moreover, of an extremely rare

[Continued on page 450.]



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON: HER MAJESTY LEAVING ONE OF THE HOUSES SHE INSPECTED.

The Queen spent the afternoon of Saturday, March 10, in the Royal Borough of Kensington, where she visited the working men and women of the Borough, seeing the conditions under which they live. Amongst other things, she inspected the "Venture," which is the Toynbee Hall of the district; the St. Quentin Estate, scene of the Council's assisted housing scheme; the new hall at the Public Baths; the public wash-house; and the new cottages for working men's families, in Avondale Park Gardens.—[Photograph by C.N.]

nature of these bodies, he sent them on, with the beetle-larvæ, for identification to the British Museum of Natural History. It took four experts some little time before they could unravel the mystery which these "small, hard bodies" concealed. They proved to be the stones of hawthorn berries, which had been carried to the place of their discovery by mice. But this is only the beginning of the story.

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COOK'S EASTER EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AT REDUCED FARES

DATE.	TIME.	DESTINATION AND FARE.
For 5, 6, 9, or 15 days.		
Thurs., March 29	p.m. 10.0	SCOTLAND by Corridor Train: Glasgow, 66/-; Edinburgh, 65/6; also to Carlisle, 48/6.
Thurs., March 29	p.m. 5.0	BELFAST for 15 days, 47/- 3rd class and steerage; 3rd class and saloon, 63/-.
For 5, 6, 8, 10, or 15 days.		
Thurs., March 29	9.20 a.m. 2.30 p.m.	THE MIDLANDS: Bedford, 8/3; Kettering, 12/-; Nottingham, 20/9; Wellingboro', 10/9; and Newark, 20/-. And at 9.20 a.m. and 3.0 p.m. to Loughboro', 18/6; Leicester, 16/3; Northampton, 10/9; and Burton-on-Trent, 20/6. Buxton, 27/3; Matlock, 24/-; Derby, 21/3, etc. Also at 10.40 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. to Market Harboro', 13/9; and Chesterfield, 24/3. To above stations in the Midlands, except Northampton, and Newark.
	10.30 a.m. 1.0 p.m.	
	7.0 p.m.	
	10.30 a.m. 1.0 p.m.	
	7.0 p.m.	
Thurs., March 29	10.30 a.m. 1.0 p.m.	LANCASHIRE —Liverpool, 33/-; Manchester, 31/-; Southport, 35/3; Stockport, 30/3; and Warrington, 30/3. Also at 10.40 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. to Lancaster, 38/3; and Morecambe, 39/-. To Manchester, Liverpool, Stockport, and Warrington.
	7.0 p.m.	
	10.40 a.m. 2.30 p.m.	
	7.0 p.m.	
	10.40 a.m. 2.30 p.m.	
Good Friday and Saturday, Mar. 30 & 31 Sun. & Mon. April 1 & 2.	At various times. (See handbills.)	YORKSHIRE: Barnsley, 28/9; Ben Rhydding, 33/3; Bradford, 32/-; Halifax, 32/-; Harrogate, 33/-; Huddersfield, 30/3; Keighley, 32/9; Leeds, 31/-; Sheffield, 26/3; Shipley, 32/-; Skipton, 34/-; Wakefield, 29/3; and York, 31/6. Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, and Bradford. For other stations, see bills.
	7.0 p.m.	
	At various times. (See handbills.)	
	At various times. (See handbills.)	
	At various times. (See handbills.)	
Easter Monday, April 2.	a.m. 9.5.	DAY EXCURSIONS: SOUTHEND, 3/3; WESTCLIFF, 3/3; and LEIGH, 3/-. Also from FENCHURCH STREET (The shortest route). To St. Albans, 2/6; Luton, 3/9; Bedford, 6/1; Wellingboro', 7/11; Kettering, 8/10; Market Harboro', 10/2; and Leicester, 12/1.
	a.m. 9.5.	
	a.m. 9.5.	
	a.m. 9.5.	
	a.m. 9.5.	

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CARLISLE

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Roads in
the Commons.

If it were necessary to point the moral that there still exists a great deal of prejudice against the motor-car and its users, one could point to the debate which took place in the Commons on Feb. 27 on a

estimate, and that if we could get at the true facts it would be found that the tax amounts to a good deal more than this. I do not think it would be possible to show that the pneumatic-tyred car does one-pennyworth of damage for each mile it travels. I admit it cannot be shown that it does not; but the presumption, which is based on careful observation, certainly points the other way. If that be accepted, then the private car owner is already paying more towards the repair and maintenance of the roads than he takes out of them in damage.

The Roads
Communal
Property.

There is another point of view from which this question of roads and their upkeep must be considered. The roads do not exist for the sole benefit of, nor are they exclusively used by, the motor vehicle. This may appear a truism, but I really think it requires stating, because the general attitude at the moment seems to be based on a contrary assumption. They really exist for the benefit and use of the whole community, and,

were it not for the exceptional condition of the nation's finances, it could be argued with considerable force that they should be a charge upon the community as a whole, rather than upon a particular and comparatively small section. Without roads the whole civilisation of the country would come to a dead stop. Every commodity that enters into the daily life of the people is carried by road—and by no means always by motor transport. In a word, the roads are the main arteries along which the life-blood of the country flows. Yet we are asked to accept the principle, which cannot be too strongly combated, that the whole onus of maintaining these arteries should be on one section,

and one section alone, of their users. This is manifestly pure foolishness, and one can only express astonishment that any except a few of the most narrow-minded of the community should favour it.

Wire and
Other Wheels.

It looks as though fashion were tending in the direction of the wire-spoked wheel. While recognising the merits of the type, I am not at all in agreement with those manufacturers who are adopting it as a standard fitment to cars which are to pass into the hands of the owner-driver. The wire wheel is light in comparison with its rivals. That is, so far as the wheel alone is concerned. If, however, we take the outer and inner hubs as well, and weigh the whole lot against the steel artillery type, there is very little in it. In fact, in some cases the steel wheel and its accessories will be found to be the lighter. The reason I am not in favour of the wire wheel is that, in the first place, it is much more difficult to clean properly than the other. Then, even in the best wheels, the wire spokes will break, particularly if the car is

[Continued overleaf.]



MOTORING IN DICKENS LAND: A 16-40-H.P. SUNBEAM AT THE OLD RUNNING HORSE INN, ON THE MAIDSTONE-ROCHESTER ROAD.

Resolution submitted by the Member for South-Eastern Essex that motor vehicles should be more heavily taxed, in view of the large expenditure on road maintenance and repair. The mover of the Resolution said it was brought on behalf of the farmers, who object to the calls made upon them for the repair of damage largely caused by motor vehicles. The Resolution failed to pass, and that ends the matter for the time being.

It would seem to have escaped the attention of the Member for South-Eastern Essex that the motor-car is already taxed to a degree that restricts its use, and has a very baneful effect on one of the principal industries of the country. Taking the case of the private car, while it is impossible to arrive at any exact figure of the amount paid in taxation per mile run, I think it would be fair to take the assumption, based on what we know of average annual mileage, that the motorist pays at least a penny per car-mile travelled. I think this is a very conservative



OUTSIDE ICKLEFORD MANOR AFTER THE FIRE: TWO OF MR. W. V. DOUGHTY'S FLEET OF 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIERS—SHOWING MRS. DOUGHTY AT THE WHEEL OF THE OPEN CAR.

The above photograph shows all that remains of a beautiful Georgian building—Ickleford Manor, Hitchin, Herts, the residence of Mr. W. V. Doughty, which was recently destroyed by fire. Mr. Doughty possesses a fleet of 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier motor carriages, two of which can be seen in the photograph. Mrs. W. V. Doughty is at the wheel of the open car, which was on view at the recent Olympia Motor Show, and was one of the most distinctive cars there.—[Photograph by Bridge Studios.]



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We reproduce at the foot a picture we published during the "boom" year of 1920-21, showing one week's output. We were proud of it—and justifiably so. But all that season's records are **ENTIRELY ECLIPSED** by the present season's trade.

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We published the above photograph during the "boom" year of 1920-21 to show one week's deliveries of Wolseley Cars. It attracted much attention; but the current year's trade much exceeds that of the season when the photograph was taken.

(Continued.)

driven fast round curves. It is an easy enough matter to replace a broken spoke, but it requires some amount of skill and experience to adjust it to the right tension. Unless it is so adjusted it is bound to cause trouble. If too tight, it will break; if too loose, it will throw too much weight on its neighbours, and trouble will ensue there. Balancing up the merits and demerits of the steel artillery wheel and the wire wheel, my vote goes to the former, except for racing cars and those which are constantly under expert care.

A New Motor Road?

I see that a project is on foot for building a concrete motor road between London and Birmingham at an approximate cost of £6,000,000. I do not suppose for a moment it will come to anything; nor would it pay, I imagine, if it did. It is curious how these projects, which have invariably ended in nothing, keep cropping up year by year.

Running-in New Cars.

A great many new cars, particularly of the cheaper type, are delivered with a caution to the owner not to exceed a speed of twenty miles an hour for the first five hundred miles or so. This always strikes me as being humorously incomplete. To begin with, the caution is almost invariably ignored by the works' drivers themselves, who have been known to do serious damage by attempting to set up records between factory and London. That by the way. The caution applies, of course, to top-gear running, but nothing is said as to road or engine speed on the lower gears. Obviously, more damage can be done by turning the engine very fast on a low gear than by doing twenty-five miles an hour on top. It would be well if the makers who issue the warning would elaborate it a little for the information of the novice. W. W.

Two slight errors crept into the double-page of portraits of famous British archaeologists in our issue

of March 10. The "Journal of Egyptian Archaeology," we are informed, is edited now by Professor T. Eric Peet, and not, as stated (on the authority of a current book of reference) by Dr. Alan Gardiner, who resigned the post eighteen months ago. Dr. H. R. Hall should have been described as Deputy Keeper (not Assistant Keeper) of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum.



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILS THE WINDOW TO THE MEMORY OF THE GALLANT DEAD OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER RIFLES: H.R.H. GREETING OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

The window to the memory of those officers, non-commissioned officers, and riflemen of the Queen's Westminster Rifles who fell in the Great War was unveiled in St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, on March 10. The Prince of Wales, as Hon. Colonel of the Queen's Westminster and Civil Service Rifles, asked the Dean and Chapter to accept the Memorial.—[Photograph by C.N.]

It has been kindly pointed out by a correspondent that, in our issue of March 3, we inadvertently referred to the King of Norway as "King Christian," instead of King Haakon. He is a brother of King Christian of Denmark, and son of the late King Frederick VIII. of Denmark. Before he was elected King of Norway, with the title of Haakon VII., in 1905, he was known as Prince Charles of Denmark, his full names being Christian Frederick Charles George Waldemar Axel.

"SCIENCE JOTTINGS."—(Continued from page 440.)

It was clear that somewhere near the mouse's store a bird, probably a starling or a jackdaw, roosted every night, or at any rate long enough to disseminate its fleas. These, laying their eggs in the refuse collected by the mice, in due time produced larvæ, one of which, apparently, ate its way into the seed, tempted by the remains of food there, or for the purpose of pupation, and presently passed into the cocoon stage. When, eventually, it hatched, it was unable to escape from its prison and died of starvation.

The final event in this strange story was when a fungus entered and destroyed the soft parts of the dead insect, even down to the delicate membranes which held in place the several pieces of armour-plating which encased the dead flea's body.

It now remained to discover what species of flea had thus been imprisoned. Accordingly, the several pieces were placed under the microscope, and they proved to belong to one of the rarest of known bird-fleas—*Ceratophyllum nagabundus*. It has only been recorded twice before in England, and one of these records is from a hollow tree which had served as a nesting-place, successively, to an owl, a woodpecker, and a starling. There are six records from Scotland: a jackdaw, a flycatcher, two gulls, and a petrel furnished five of these; the sixth was caught "coming down the rocks"—by whom or under what circumstances history does not relate. This is a pity. Spitzbergen, Switzerland, and Turkestan are the only other parts of the world from which this interesting flea has been recorded.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

With the home cricket season approaching, there will be a large demand for that time-honoured little yellow book, "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1923," which this year keeps its "diamond jubilee," being in its sixtieth edition. Among portraits of five cricketers of the year, it appropriately gives pride of place to A. C. Russell, who recently achieved a record by making two centuries for England in one Test Match in South Africa.

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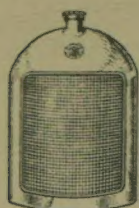
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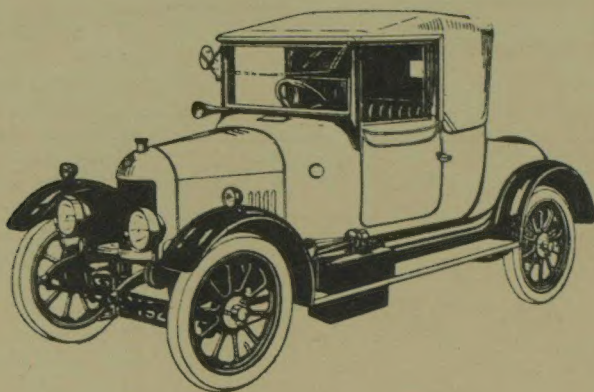
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

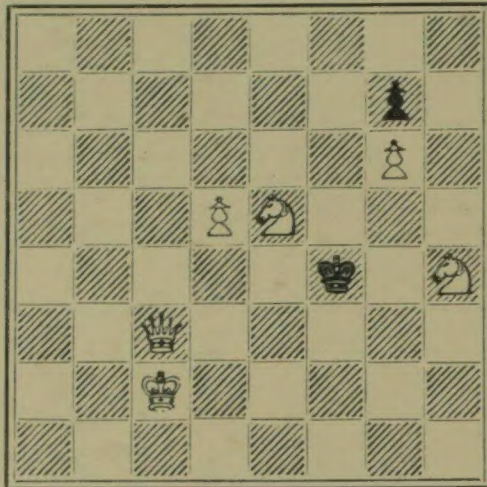
W. FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Problems received with thanks.

O. H. LABONE (Blackpool).—Many thanks for game, which we hope to make use of.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON (Richmond).—Problem No. 1 seems cooked by Q to R 7th (ch). Problem No. 3, in addition to being a four-mover, which we cannot venture to publish, also seems to admit of a second solution by B takes P.

T. E. WALLER (Crook, Co. Durham).—Your composition is too lacking in problematic characteristics for us to make use of. Try again.

PROBLEM No. 3902.—By W. FINLAYSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3900.—By THOMAS WARTON.

WHITE

1. Q to Kt 7
Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Any move

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3898 received from H. F. Marker (Forbandar, India), Casimir Dickson (Vancouver), A. D. Meares (Baltimore), George Parbury (Singapore), Frank H. Rollison (Evansville, U.S.A.), and Henry A. Seler (Denver); of No. 3899 from A. D. Meares (Baltimore); of No. 3900 from P. Cooper (Clapham), J. Diamant (Amsterdam), H. Heskat (Cairo), P. W. Hunt (Bridgewater), Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham), Jas. G. McGregor (Saltcoats), and O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3901 received from S. Homer (Kensington), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), A. Edmeston (Worsley), H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), F. J. Fallwell (Caterham), J. J. Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Mr. HERBERT JACOBS and Sir GEORGE THOMAS.
(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

3. B to B 4th

4. P to Q 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd

6. Castles

7. B to Kt 5th

8. Kt to Q 5th

9. B takes B

10. B to R 4th

As the position stands, this advance, usually so risky, does no great harm, but we doubt if it helps Black's game later on.

11. B to Kt 3rd

12. P takes Kt

13. P to Q 4th

14. Kt takes Q P

15. Kt to B 5th

16. Q to Kt 4th

There is little to be gained by Kt takes P (ch), while the text move brings the powers of the Queen immediately into the field of action.

16. Q takes Kt

17. Q to Q 5th

18. Q to Q 3rd

19. Q to R sq

20. K to R sq

21. P to K B 4th

22. K R to K sq

23. Q to B 4th

24. Q to K 6th

25. Q R to Q sq

BLACK (Sir G. T.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to B 4th

4. P to B 3rd

5. P to Q 3rd

6. Castles

7. B to Kt 3rd

8. B takes Kt

9. P to K R 3rd

10. P to Kt 4th

11. Kt takes B

12. Kt to K 2nd

13. P takes P

14. Kt takes P

15. Kt to K 2nd

16. Q takes Kt

17. Q to B 3rd

18. P to B 3rd

19. P to B 4th

20. R to B 2nd

21. Q to Q 2nd

22. P to Kt 4th

23. K to Kt 2nd

24. R to Q sq

25. Q R to Q sq

WHITE (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

3. B to B 4th

4. P to Q 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd

6. Castles

7. B to Kt 5th

8. Kt to Q 5th

9. B takes B

10. B to R 4th

As the position stands, this advance, usually so risky, does no great harm, but we doubt if it helps Black's game later on.

11. B to Kt 3rd

12. P takes Kt

13. P to Q 4th

14. Kt takes Q P

15. Kt to B 5th

16. Q to Kt 4th

There is little to be gained by Kt takes P (ch), while the text move brings the powers of the Queen immediately into the field of action.

16. Q takes Kt

17. Q to Q 5th

18. Q to Q 3rd

19. Q to R sq

20. K to R sq

21. P to K B 4th

22. K R to K sq

23. Q to B 4th

24. Q to K 6th

25. Q R to Q sq

26. P takes P

27. B to K 5th (ch)

28. Q to Kt 3rd

29. Q to Kt 3rd

30. R takes R

31. R takes Q

32. Q to B 3rd

33. P to K Kt 4th

34. Q takes Q B P R to Q 8th (ch)

35. K to Kt 2nd

White is now able to utilise his King as a potent force in attack, and achieves by his help an unexpected victory.

35. R to Q 7th (ch)

36. K to B 3rd

37. K to K 4th

38. K to B 5th

39. Q to Q 7th (ch)

40. K takes Kt P

Black resigns.

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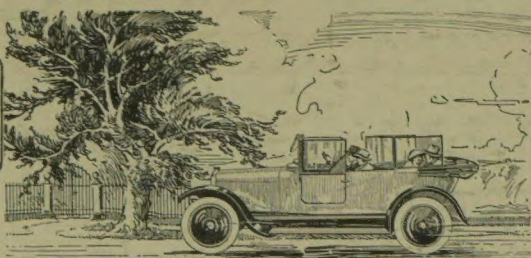
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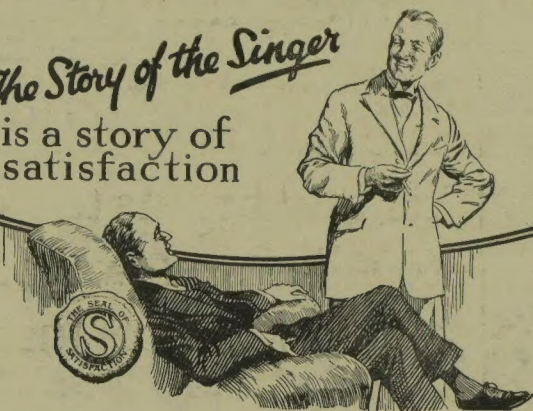
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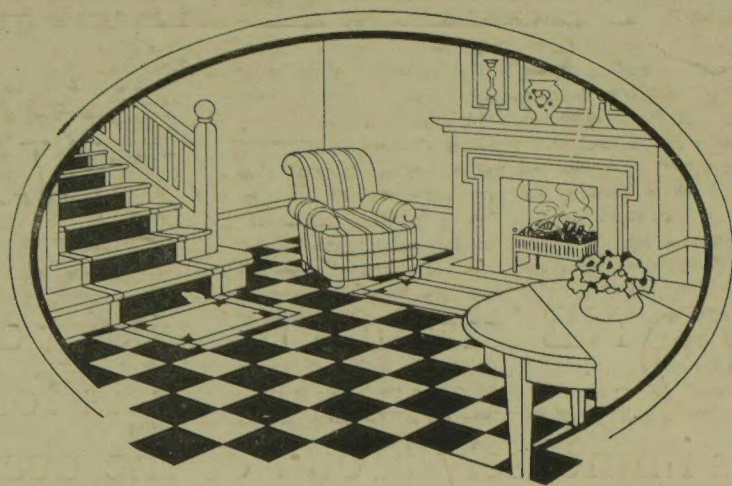
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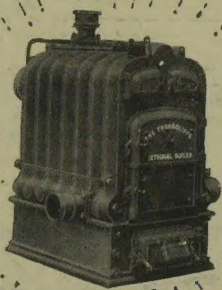
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occasionally, pretends to be supremely detached and unobservant; catches, however, a roguish glance of frank admiration from the pastrycook's daughter and begins to worry as to whether it was admiration and not just faint amusement.

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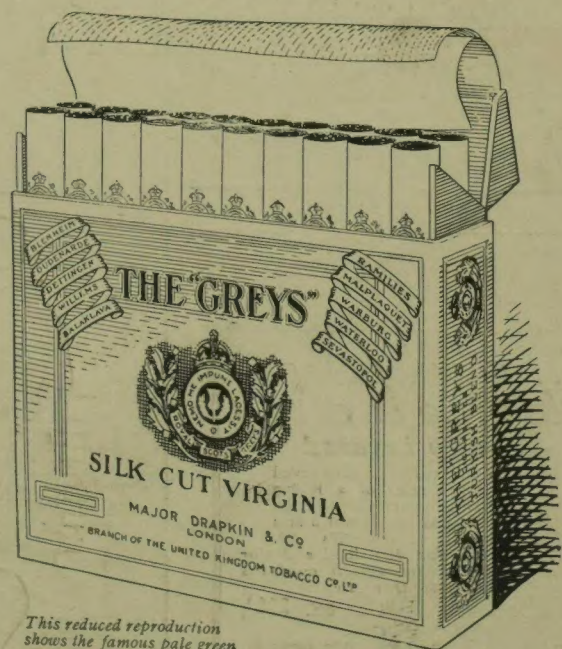
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This reduced reproduction shows the famous pale green packet of 20 "Greys."

